THE

MOURNING BRIDE.

A

TRAGEDY.

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THE *MOURNING BRIDE.*

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED

AT THE

Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,*

BY

His Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mr. *CONGREVE.*

——*Neque enim lex æquior ulla,*
Quàm necis artifices arte perire ſua.
Ovid. de Arte Am.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon:* And Sold by R. *Wellington,*
G. Strahan, and *B. Lintott.* 1703.

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TO

Her Royal Highneſs

THE

PRINCESS.

MADAM,

THAT high Station, which by Your Birth You hold above the People, exacts from every one, as a Duty, whatever Honours they are capable of paying to Your Royal Highneſs: But that more exalted Place, to which Your Virtues have rais'd You, a-

bove the reſt of Princes, makes the Tribute of our Admiration and Praiſe, rather a Choice more immediately preventing that Duty.

The Publick Gratitude is ever founded on a Publick Benefit; and what is univerſally Bleſs'd, is always an univerſal Bleſſing. Thus from Your ſelf we derive the Offerings which we bring; and that Incenſe which ariſes to Your Name, only returns to its Original, and but naturally requires the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem, conſtituted on a Moral, whoſe End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of conſequence has recourſe to Your Royal Highneſs's Patronage; aſpiring to caſt it ſelf beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, 'till You ſhall condeſcend to own it, and vouchſafe to ſhine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Faſhion in the People, for even they who are averſe to Inſtruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But

But there are Multitudes, who never can have Means nor Opportunities of ſo near an Acceſs, as to partake of the Benefit of ſuch Examples. And to theſe, Tragedy, which diſtinguiſhes it ſelf from the Vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Uſe and Information. For they who are at that diſtance from Original Greatneſs, as to be depriv'd of the Happineſs of Contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highneſs's Perſon in Your Court, may yet behold ſome ſmall Sketches and Imagings of the Virtues of Your Mind, abſtracted, and repreſented in the Theatre.

Thus Poets are inſtructed, and inſtruct; not alone by Precepts which perſuade, but alſo by Examples which illuſtrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Inſtruction; when not only Virtue is preſcribd, but alſo repreſented.

But if we are delighted with the Livelineſs of a feign'd Repreſentation of Great and Good Perſons and their Actions, how muſt

we be charm'd with beholding the Perſons themſelves? If one or two excelling Qualities, barely touch'd in the ſingle Action and ſmall Compaſs of a Play, can warm an Audience, with a Concern and Regard even for the ſeeming Succeſs and Proſperity of the Actor; with what Zeal muſt the Hearts of all be fill'd, for the continued and encreaſing Happineſs of thoſe, who are the true and living Inſtances of Elevated and Perſiſting Virtue? Even the Vicious themſelves muſt have a ſecret Veneration for thoſe peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily ſo eminently conſpicuous in Your Royal Highneſs; and though repining, feel a Pleaſure which in ſpite of Envy they per-force approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offer'd to Your Royal Highneſs, there ſhall appear the Reſemblance of any one of thoſe many Excellencies which You ſo promiſcuouſly poſſeſs, to be drawn ſo as to merit Your leaſt Approbation, it has the End and Accompliſhment of its Deſign. And however imperfect

it

it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of the Author, yet, if there is ſo much as to convince Your Royal Highneſs, that a Play may be with Induſtry ſo diſpos'd (in ſpight of the licentious Practice of the Modern Theatre) as to become ſometimes an innocent, and not unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratifie the Ambition, and recompence the Endeavours of,

Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt Obedient, and

moſt humbly Devoted Servant,

William Congreve.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

THE Time has been when Plays were not ſo plenty,
And a leſs Number New would well content ye.
New Plays did then like Almanacks appear;
And One was thought ſufficient for a Year:
Tho' they are more like Almanacks of late;
For in one Year, I think, they're out of Date.
Nor were they without Reaſon join'd together;
For juſt as one prognoſticates the Weather,
How plentiful the Crop, or ſcarce the Grain,
What Peals of Thunder, and what Show'rs of Rain;
So t'other can foretel, by certain Rules,
What Crops of Coxcombs, or what Floods of Fools.
In ſuch like Prophecies were Poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd:
The Dearth of Wit they did ſo long preſage,
Is fall'n on us, and almoſt ſtarves the Stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you ſaw
Poor Actors threſh ſuch empty Sheafs of Straw?
Toiling and lab'ring, at their Lungs Expence,
To ſtart a Jeſt, or force a little Senſe.

Hard

PROLOGUE.

Hard Fate for us! ſtill harder in th' Event;
Our Authors Sin, but we alone Repent.
Still they proceed, and, at our Charge, write worſe;
'Twere ſome Amends if they could reimburſe:
But there's the Devil, tho' their Cauſe is loſt,
There's no recovering Damages or Coſt.
Good Wits, forgive this Liberty we take,
Since Cuſtom gives the Loſers leave to ſpeak.
But if provok'd, your dreadful Wrath remains,
Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes:
For that damn'd Poet's ſpar'd who Damns a Brother,
As one Thief 'ſcapes that Executes another.
Thus far alone does to the Wits relate;
But from the reſt we hope a better Fate.
To pleaſe and move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim;
And Nature miſs'd, in vain he boaſts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that ſhall enſue,
But as with Freedom, judge with Candour too.
He wou'd not loſe thro' Prejudice his Cauſe;
Nor wou'd obtain precariouſly Applauſe.
Impartial Cenſure he requeſts from all,
Prepar'd, by juſt Decrees to ſtand, or fall.

Perſonæ

Perſonæ Dramatis.

Manuel, the King of *Granada*.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Gonſalez, his Favourite.	Mr. *Sanford*.
Garcia, Son to *Gonſalez*.	Mr. *Scudamour*.
Perez, Captain of the Guards.	Mr. *Freeman*.
Alonzo, an Officer, Creature to *Gonſalez*.	Mr. *Arnold*.
Oſmyn, a Noble Priſoner.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Heli, a Priſoner, his Friend.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Selim, an Eunuch.	Mr. *Baily*.

WOMEN.

Almeria, the Princeſs of *Granada*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Zara, a Captive Queen.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Leonora, chief Attendant on the Princeſs.	Mrs. *Bowman*.

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending Zara. *Guards*, &c.

The Scene *GRANADA*.

THE

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

The Curtain rising ſlowly to ſoft Muſick, diſcovers Almeria *in Mourning,* Leonora *waiting in Mourning.*

After the Muſick Almeria *riſes from her Chair, and comes forward.*

Alm. MUſick has Charms to ſooth a ſavage Breaſt,
To ſoften Rocks, or bend a knotted Oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd,
By Magick Numbers and perſuaſive Sound.
What then am I? Am I more ſenſeleſs grown
Than Trees, or Flint? O force of conſtant Woe!
'Tis not in Harmony to calm my Griefs.
Anſelmo ſleeps, and is at Peace; laſt Night
The ſilent Tomb receiv'd the good old King;
He and his Sorrows now are ſafely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hoſpitable Boſom.
Why am not I at Peace?

Leon. For Heaven's ſake, dear Madam, moderate
Your Griefs, there is no Cauſe———
Alm. Peace——No Cauſe! yes, there is Eternal Cauſe,
And Miſery Eternal will ſucceed.
Thou canſt not tell——thou haſt indeed no Cauſe.
Leo. Believe me, Madam, I lament *Anſelmo*,
And always did compaſſionate his Fortune;
Have often wept, to ſee how cruelly
Your Father kept in Chains his Fellow-King:
And oft at Night, when all have been retir'd,
Have ſtoln from Bed, and to his Priſon crept;
Where, while his Goaler ſlept, I thro' the Grate
Have ſoftly whiſper'd, and enquir'd his Health;
Sent in my Sighs and Pray'rs for his Deliv'rance;
For Sighs and Pray'rs were all that I could offer.
Alm. Indeed thou haſt a ſoft and gentle Nature,
That thus couldſt melt to ſee a Stranger's Wrongs.
O *Leonora*, hadſt thou known *Anſelmo*,
How would thy Heart have bled to ſee his Suff'rings.
Thou hadſt no Cauſe, but general Compaſſion.
Leo. My Love of you, my Royal Miſtreſs, gave me Cauſe,
My Love of you begot my Grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the Chance of War
Had bleſs'd *Anſelmo*'s Arms with Victory,
And the rich Spoil of all the Field, and you,
The Glory of the whole, were made the Prey
Of his Succeſs; that then, in ſpite of Hate,
Revenge, and that Hereditary Feud
Entail'd between *Valentia*'s and *Granada*'s Kings,
He did endear himſelf to your Affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent Ways
His moſt induſtrious Goodneſs cou'd invent;
Propoſing by a Match between *Alphonſo*
His Son, the brave *Valentia* Prince, and you,
To end the long Diſſention, and unite
The jarring Crowns.
Alm. O *Alphonſo! Alphonſo!* thou art too
At Peace; Father and Son are now no more———

Then

Then why am I? O when ſhall I have Reſt?
Why do I live to ſay you are no more?——
Why are all theſe things thus?——
Is there neceſſity I muſt be miſerable?
Is it of moment to the Peace of Heav'n
That I ſhould be afflicted thus?——If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are all things laid
By ſome unſeen Hand, ſo, as of conſequence
They muſt to me bring Curſes, Grief of Heart,
The laſt Diſtreſs of Life, and ſure Deſpair.

Leo. Alas, you ſearch too far, and think too deeply.

Alm. Why was I carried to *Anſelmo*'s Court?
Or, when there, why was I us'd ſo tenderly?——
Why did he not uſe me like an Enemy?
For ſo my Father would have us'd his Child.
O *Alphonſo*, *Alphonſo!*
Devouring Seas have waſh'd thee from my ſight,
But there's no time ſhall raſe thee from my Memory
No, I will live to be thy Monument;
The cruel Ocean would deprive thee of a Tomb,
But in my Heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear Reſemblance is for ever fix'd;
My Love, my Lord, my Husband ſtill, though loſt.

Leo. Husband! O Heav'ns!

Alm. What have I ſaid?
My Grief has hurry'd me beyond all Thought.
I would have kept that ſecret; though I know
Thy Love and Faith to me deſerve all Confidence.
But 'tis the Wretches Comfort ſtill to have
Some ſmall Reſerve of neat and inward Woe,
Some unſuſpected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they unſeen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
And Glutton-like alone devour.

Leo. Indeed I knew not this.

Alm. O no, thou know'ſt not half---thou know'ſt nothing---
——If thou didſt!——
If I ſhould tell thee, wouldſt thou pity me?
Tell me: I know thou wou'dſt, thou art compaſſionate.

Leo. Witneſs theſe Tears.——
Alm. I thank thee——indeed I do——
I thank thee, that thou'lt pity thy ſad Miſtreſs;
For 'tis the poor Prerogative of Greatneſs,
To be wretched and unpitied———
But I did promiſe I would tell thee——What?
My Griefs? Thou do'ſt already know 'em:
And when I ſaid thou didſt know nothing,
It was becauſe thou didſt not know *Alphonſo:*
For to have known my Loſs, thou muſt have known
His Worth, his Truth, and tenderneſs of Love.
Leo. The Memory of that brave Prince ſtands fair
In all Report———
And I have heard imperfectly his Loſs;
But fearful to renew your Troubles paſt,
I never did preſume to ask the Story.
Alm. If for my ſwelling Heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome Captive in *Valentia,*
Ev'n on the Day when *Manuel,* my Father,
Led on his conqu'ring Troops, high as the Gates
Of King *Anſelmo*'s Palace; which in Rage,
And Heat of War, and dire Revenge, he fir'd.
Whilſt the good King, to ſhun approaching Flames,
Started amidſt his Foes, and made Captivity his Refuge.
Would I had periſh'd in thoſe Flames——
But 'twas not ſo decreed.
Alphonſo, who foreſaw my Father's Cruelty,
Had born the Queen and me on board a Ship
Ready to ſail, and when this News was brought
We put to Sea; but being betray'd by ſome
Who knew our Flight, we cloſely were purſu'd,
And almoſt taken; when a ſudden Storm
Drove us, and thoſe that follow'd, on the Coaſt
Of *Africk:* There our Veſſel ſtruck the Shoar,
And bulging 'gainſt a Rock was daſh'd in pieces.
But Heaven ſpared me for yet more Affliction!
Conducting them who follow'd us to ſhun
The Shoal, and ſave me floating on the Waves,

While

While the good Queen and my *Alphonſo* periſh'd.
Leo. Alas! were you then wedded to *Alphonſo?*
Alm. That Day, that fatal Day, our Hands were join'd;
For when my Lord beheld the Ship purſuing,
And ſaw her Rate ſo far exceeding ours;
He came to me, and begg'd me by my Love,
I would conſent the Prieſt might make us one;
That whether Death, or Victory enſu'd,
I might be his, beyond the Power of future Fate:
The Queen too did aſſiſt his Suit——I granted,
And in one Day, was wedded, and a Widow.
Leo. Indeed 'twas mournful——
Alm. 'Twas that,
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change theſe black and diſmal Robes,
Or ever dry theſe ſwol'n and watry Eyes;
Or ever taſte Content, or Peace of Heart,
While I have Life, or Memory of my *Alphonſo.*
Leo. Look down, good Heav'n, with Pity on her Sorrows,
And grant, that Time may bring her ſome Relief.
Alm. O no! Time gives Encreaſe to my Afflictions.
The circling Hours, that gather all the Woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come, heavy-laden with the oppreſſing Weight,
To me; with me, ſucceſſively, they leave
The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the reſtleſs Cares,
And all the Damps of Grief, that did retard their Flight;
They ſhake their downy Wings, and ſcatter all
The dire collected Dews on my poor Head;
Then flie with Joy and Swiftneſs from me.
Leo. Hark!
The diſtant Shouts proclaim your Father's Triumph;
[*Shouts at a diſtance.*
O ceaſe, for Heaven's ſake, aſſwage a little
This Torrent of your Grief; for, much I fear
It will incenſe him, thus to ſee you drown'd
In Tears, when Joy appears in ev'ry other Face.

Alm. And Joy he brings to ev'ry other Heart,
But double, double weight of Woe to mine;
For with Him *Garcia* comes——*Garcia*, to whom
I muſt be ſacrific'd, and all the Faith
And Vows I gave my Dear *Alphonſo*, baſely
Violated——
No, it ſhall never be; for I will die firſt,
Die Ten thouſand Deaths——Look down, look down, [*Kneels.*
Alphonſo, hear the Sacred Vow I make;
Leave for a Moment to behold Eternal Bliſs,
And bend thy glorious Eyes to Earth and me;
And thou *Anſelmo*, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all Impediments of purging Fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my *Alphonſo* reigns,
Behold thou alſo, and attend my Vow.
If ever I do yield, or give Conſent,
By any Action, Word or Thought, to Wed
Another Lord; may then juſt Heav'n ſhow'r down
Unheard of Curſes on me, greater far
(If ſuch there be in angry Heav'n's Vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd.—— And now [*Riſing.*
Methinks my Heart has ſome Relief: Having
Diſcharg'd this Debt, incumbent on my Love.
Yet, one thing more I would engage from thee.

Leo. My Heart, my Life and Will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this; anon, when all
Are buſied in the general Joy, that thou
Wilt privately with me
Steal forth, and viſit good *Anſelmo*'s Tomb.

Leo. Alas! I fear ſome fatal Reſolution.

Alm. No, on my Life, my Faith, I mean no Violence.
I feel I'm more at large,
Since I have made this Vow:
Perhaps I would repeat it there more ſolemnly.
'Tis that, or ſome ſuch melancholy Thought,
Upon my Word no more.

Leo. I will attend you.

Enter

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. The Lord *Gonſalez* comes to tell your Highneſs
Of the King's approach.
Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit* Alon.
That's his Pretence, I know his Errand is
To fill my Ears with *Garcia*'s valiant Deeds;
And with his artful Tongue, to gild and magnifie
His Son's Exploits.
But I am arm'd with Ice around my Heart,
Not to be warm'd with Words, nor idle Eloquence.

Enter Gonſalez. [*Bowing very humbly.*

Gonſ. Be ev'ry Day of your long Life like this.
The Sun, bright Conqueſt, and your brighter Eyes,
Have all conſpir'd to blaze promiſcuous Light,
And bleſs this Day with moſt unequal Luſtre.
Your Royal Father, my Victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living Laurel,
Is entring now in Martial Pomp the Palace.
Five hundred Mules precede his ſolemn March,
Which groan beneath the Weight of *Mooriſh* Wealth.
Chariots of War, adorn'd with glittering Gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing Steeds,
White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine* Hills;
That bound, and foam, and champ the Golden Bit,
As they diſdain'd the Victory they grace.
Priſoners of War in ſhining Fetters follow;
And Captains of the Nobleſt Blood of *Africk*,
Sweat by his Chariot Wheel, and lick and grind,
With gnaſhing Teeth, the Duſt his Triumphs raiſe.
The ſwarming Populace ſpread every Wall,
And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
Their Hold, thro' clifted Stones, ſtretching and ſtaring,
As if they were all of Eyes, and every Limb
Would feed his Faculty of Admiration.

While

While you alone retire, and ſhun this Sight;
This Sight, which is indeed not ſeen (tho' twice
The Multitude ſhould gaze)
In Abſence of your Eyes.
Alm. My Lord, my Eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded Trophies of exterior Honours.
Nor will my Ears be charm'd with ſounding Words,
Or pompous Phraſe; the Pageantry of Souls.
But that my Father is return'd in Safety,
I bend to Heav'n with Thanks and humble Praiſe.
Gonſ. Excellent Princeſs!
But 'tis a Task unfit for my weak Age,
With dying Words, to offer at your Praiſe.
Garcia, my Son, your Beauty's loweſt Slave,
Has better done;
In proving with his Sword, upon your Foes,
The Force and Influence of your matchleſs Charms.
Alm. I doubt not of the worth of *Garcia*'s Deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.
Leo. Madam, the King. [*Flouriſh.*
Alm. My Women. I wou'd meet him.
[*Attendants to* Almeria *enter in Mourning.*

Symphony of Warlike Muſick. Enter the King, attended by Garcia *and ſeveral Officers. Files of Priſoners in Chains, and Guards, who are ranged in Order round the Stage.* Almeria *meets the King, and kneels; afterwards* Gonſalez *kneels and kiſſes the King's Hand, while* Garcia *does the ſame to the Princeſs.*

King. Almeria, riſe----My beſt *Gonſalez* riſe.
What, Tears! my good old Friend.——
Gonſ. But Tears of Joy. To ſee you thus, has fill'd
My Eyes with more Delight than they can hold.
King. By Heav'n thou lov'ſt me, and I'm pleas'd thou doſt:
Take it for Thanks, Old Man, that I rejoice
To ſee thee weep on this Occaſion—— But ſome
Here are who ſeem to mourn at our Succeſs!
How is it, *Almeria*, that you meet our Eyes,

Upon

Upon this ſolemn Day, in theſe ſad Weeds?
You and yours, are all, in oppoſition
To my Brightneſs, like Daughters of Affliction.
Alm. Forgive me, Sir, if I offend.
The Year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In Mourning and ſtrict Life, for my Deliverance
From Death, and Wreck of the tempeſtuous-Sea,
Wants yet to be expired.
King. Your Zeal to Heav'n is great; ſo is your Debt:
Yet ſomething too is due to me, who gave
That Life, which Heav'n preſerv'd. A Day beſtow'd
In Filial Duty, had atton'd and giv'n
A Diſpenſation to your Vow——No more.
'Twas weak and wilful——and a Woman's Error.
Yet——upon thought, it doubly wounds my Sight,
To ſee that Sable worn upon the Day
Succeeding that, in which our deadlieſt Foe,
Hated *Anſelmo*, was interr'd——By Heav'n,
It looks as thou didſt mourn for him: Juſt as
Thy ſenſeleſs Vow appear'd to bear its Date,
Not from that Hour wherein thou wert preſerv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd *Alphonſo* periſh'd.
Ha! what? thou doſt not weep to think of that?
Gonſ. Have Patience, Royal Sir, the Princeſs weeps
To have offended you. If Fate decreed,
One pointed Hour ſhould be *Alphonſo*'s Loſs,
And her Deliverance; is ſhe to blame?
King. I tell thee ſhe's to blame, not to have feaſted
When my firſt Foe was laid in Earth, ſuch Enmity,
Such Deteſtation, bears my Blood to his;
My Daughter ſhould have revell'd at his Death.
She ſhould have made theſe Palace Walls to ſhake,
And all this high and ample Roof to ring
With her Rejoicings. What, to mourn, and weep;
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve? By Heav'n,
There's not a Slave, a ſhackled Slave of mine,
But ſhould have ſmil'd that Hour, through all his Care,
And ſhook his Chains in Tranſport and rude Harmony.

Gonſ. What ſhe has done, was in exceſs of Goodneſs;
Betray'd by too much Piety, to ſeem
As if ſhe had offended.
King. To ſeem is to commit, at this Conjuncture.
I wonot have the ſeeming of a Sorrow ſeen
To Day——Retire, diveſt your ſelf with ſpeed
Of that offenſive Black; on me be all
The Violation of your Vow.
You ſtand excuſed that I command it.
Gar. kneeling. Your Pardon, Sir, if I preſume ſo far,
As to remind you of your gracious Promiſe.
King. Riſe, *Garcia*——I forgot. Yet ſtay, *Almeria.*
Alm. O my boding Heart——What is your Pleaſure, Sir?
King. Draw near, and give your Hand; and, *Garcia*, yours:
Receive this Lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your Husband, and my Son.
Gar. Thus let me kneel to take——O not to take,
But to devote, and yield my ſelf for ever
The Slave and Creature of my Royal Miſtreſs.
Gonſ. O let me proſtrate pay my worthleſs Thanks
For this high Honour.
King. No more; my Promiſe long ſince paſs'd, thy Loyalty,
And *Garcia*'s well-try'd Valour, all oblige me.
This Day we Triumph; but to Morrow's Sun
Shall ſhine on *Garcia*'s Nuptials.
Alm. Oh!—— [*Faints.*
Gar. Alas, ſhe faints! help to ſupport her.
Gonſ. She recovers.
King. A Bridal Qualm; ſoon off. How is't, *Almeria?*
Alm. A ſudden Chilneſs ſeizes on my Spirits.
Your Leave, Sir, to retire.
King. Garcia, Conduct her.
[Garcia *leads* Almeria *to the Door, and returns.*
This idle Vow hangs on her Woman's Fears.
I'll have a Prieſt ſhall Preach her from her Faith,
And make it Sin, not to renounce that Vow
Which I'd have broken. [*Trumpets.*

Enter

Enter Alonzo.

Offic. The beauteous Captive, *Zara*, is arriv'd,
And with a Train as if ſhe ſtill were Wife
To *Albucacim*, and the *Moor* had conquer'd.
King. It is our Will ſhe ſhould be ſo attended.
Bear hence theſe Priſoners. *Garcia*, which is he,
Of whoſe mute Valour you relate ſuch Wonders?
[*Priſoners led off.*
Gar. Oſmyn, who led the *Mooriſh* Horſe; he does,
Great Sir, at her Requeſt, attend on *Zara*.
King. He is your Priſoner, as you pleaſe diſpoſe him.
Gar. I would oblige him, but he ſhuns my Kindneſs;
And with a haughty Mien, and ſtern Civility,
Humbly declines all Offers: If he ſpeak
'Tis ſcarce above a Word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did diſdain to talk;
At leaſt, to talk where he muſt not command.
King. Such Sullenneſs, and in a Man ſo brave,
Muſt have ſome other Cauſe than his Captivity.
Did *Zara*, then, requeſt he might attend her?
Gar. My Lord, ſhe did.
King. That, join'd with his Behaviour,
Begets a Doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her Chains hang heavier on him than his own.

Flouriſh; and Enter Zara *and* Oſmyn *bound; conducted by* Perez *and a Guard, and attended by* Selim *and ſeveral Mutes and Eunuchs in a Train.*

King. What Welcome, and what Honours, beauteous *Zara*,
A King and Conqueror can give, are yours.
A Conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with ſuch Luſtre ſtrike admiring Eyes,
That had our Pomp been with your Preſence grac'd,
Th' expecting Crowd had been deceiv'd; and ſeen
Their Monarch enter not Triumphant, but
In Triumph led, your Beauty's Slave.

Zara. If I on any Terms could condeſcend
To like Captivity, or think thoſe Honours,
Which Conquerors in Courteſie beſtow,
Of equal Value with unborrow'd Rule,
And Native Right to Arbitrary Sway;
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this Train
With uſual Homage wait. But when I feel
Theſe Bonds, I look with Loathing on my ſelf;
And ſcorn vile Slavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath Mock-Praiſes, and diſſembled State.

King. Thoſe Bonds! 'Twas my Command you ſhould be free.
How durſt you, *Perez*, diſobey me?

Perez. Great Sir,
Your Order was, ſhe ſhould not wait your Triumph;
But at ſome diſtance follow, thus attended.

King. 'Tis falſe; 'twas more; I bad ſhe ſhould be free:
If not in Words, I bad it by my Eyes.
Her Eyes did more than bid——Free her and hers
With ſpeed——yet ſtay——my Hands alone can make
Fit Reſtitution here——Thus I releaſe you,
And by releaſing you enſlave my ſelf.

Zara. Favours conferr'd, tho' when unſought, deſerve
Acknowledgment from Noble Minds. Such Thanks
As one hating to be oblig'd——
Yet hating more Ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

King. Born to Excel, and to Command!
As by tranſcendent Beauty to attract
All Eyes, ſo by Preheminence of Soul
To rule all Hearts.
Garcia, what's he, who with contracted Brow,
[*Beholding* Oſmyn *as they unbind him.*
And ſullen Port, glooms downward with his Eyes;
At once regardleſs of his Chains, or Liberty?

Gar. That, Sir, is *Oſmyn.*

King. He anſwers well the Character you gave him.
Whence comes it, Valiant *Oſmyn*, that a Man
So great in Arms, as thou art ſaid to be,

So

So ill can brook Captivity,
The common Chance of War?

Oſm. Becauſe Captivity has robb'd me of a juſt Revenge.

King. I underſtand not that.

Oſm. I would not have you.

Zara. That Gallant *Moor* in Battel loſt a Friend,
Whom more than Life he lov'd; and the Regret,
Of not revenging on his Foes that Loſs,
Has caus'd this Melancholy and Deſpair.

King. She does excuſe him; 'tis as I ſuſpected. [*To* Gonſ.

Gonſ. That Friend may be her ſelf; ſhow no Reſentment
Of his Arrogance yet; ſhe looks concern'd.

King. I'll have Enquiry made; his Friend may be
A Priſoner. His Name?

Zara. Heli.

King. Garcia, be it your Care to make that ſearch.
It ſhall be mine to pay Devotion here;
At this Fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down,
And raiſe Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.
Conqueſt and Triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore:
For, ling'ring there, in long ſuſpence ſhe ſtands,
Shifting the Prize in unreſolving Hands:
Unus'd to wait, I broke through her Delay,
Fix'd her by Force, and ſnatch'd the doubtful Day.
But late I find that War is but her Sport;
In Love the Goddeſs keeps her awful Court:
Fickle in Fields, unſteadily ſhe flies,
But Rules with ſettled Sway in *Zara*'s Eyes. [*Ex. Omnes.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Repreſenting the Iſle of a Temple.

Enter Garcia, Heli *and* Perez.

Gar. THIS Way, we're told, *Oſmyn* was ſeen to walk;
Chuſing this lonely Manſion of the Dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy miſtaken Fate.
Hel. Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Centre ſtrike me,
If to ariſe in very Deed from Death,
And to reviſit with my long clos'd Eyes
This living Light, could to my Soul, or Senſe,
Afford a Thought, or Glimpſe of Joy,
In leaſt Proportion to the vaſt Delight
I feel, to hear of *Oſmyn*'s Name; to hear
That *Oſmyn* lives, and I again ſhall ſee him.
Gar. Unparallell'd Fidelity!
I've heard, with Admiration, of your Friendſhip;
And could, with equal Joy and Envy, view
The Tranſports of your Meeting.
Perez. Yonder, my Lord, behold the Noble *Moor*.
Hel. Where? where?
Gar. I ſee him not.
Perez. I ſaw him when I ſpoke, thwarting my View,
And ſtriding with diſtemper'd Haſte; his Eyes
Seem'd Flame, and flaſh'd upon me with a Glance;
Then forward ſhot their Fires, which he purſu'd,
As to ſome Object frightful, yet not fear'd.
Gar. Let's haſte to follow him, and know the Cauſe.
Hel. My Lord, let me entreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the Cauſe.
I know his Melancholy, and ſuch Starts
Are uſual to his Temper. It might raiſe him

To act some Violence upon himself,
So to be caught in an unguarded Hour,
And when his Soul gives all her Passions way,
Secure and loose in friendly Solitude.
I know his Noble Heart would burst with Shame,
To be surpriz'd by Strangers in its Frailty.
Gar. Go, gen'rous *Heli*, and relieve your Friend.
Far be it from me, officiously to pry
Or press upon the Privacies of others.
Hel. Y'are truly Noble. [*Exit.*
Gar. *Perez*, the King expects from our Return
To have his Jealousie confirm'd, or clear'd,
Of that appearing Love which *Zara* bears
To *Osmyn*; but some other Opportunity
Must make that plain.
Perez. To me 'twas long since plain,
And ev'ry Look of his and hers confess it.
Gar. If so, Unhappiness attends their Love,
And I cou'd pity 'em. I hear some coming,
The Friends perhaps are met; let us avoid 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Almeria *and* Leonora.

Alm. It was a fancy'd Noise; for all is hush'd.
Leo. It bore the Accent of a Human Voice.
Alm. It was thy Fear, or else some transient Wind
Whistling thro' Hollows of the vaulted Isle.
We'll listen——
Leo. Hark!
Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as Death——'Tis dreadful!
How rev'rend is the Face of this tall Pile,
Whose ancient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof,
By its own Weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking Tranquility. It strikes an Awe
And Terror on my aking Sight; the Tombs
And Monumental Caves of Death look Cold,
And shoot a Chilness to my trembling Heart.

Give

Give me thy Hand, and ſpeak to me, nay, ſpeak,
And let me hear thy Voice;
My own affrights me with its Eccho's.
Leo. Let us return; the Horror of this Place
And Silence, will encreaſe your Melancholy.
Alm. It may my Fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on, ſhew me *Anſelmo*'s Tomb,
Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls and mould'ring Earth
Of Human Bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the Shroud of ſome pale Coarſe
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia*'s more deteſted Bed. That Thought
Exerts my Spirits; and my preſent Fears
Are loſt in dread of greater Ill. Shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: Lead me
Where I may kneel and pay my Vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my *Alphonſo*'s Soul.
Leo. I go; but Heav'n can tell with what Regret. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene opening diſcovers a Place of Tombs. One Monument fronting the View greater than the reſt.

Enter Heli.

Heli. I wander thro' this Maze of Monuments,
Yet cannot find him——Hark! ſure 'tis the Voice
Of one complaining——There it ſounds——I'll follow it. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Almeria *and* Leonora.

Leo. Behold the Sacred Vault, within whoſe Womb
The poor Remains of good *Anſelmo* reſt;
Yet freſh and unconſum'd by Time or Worms.
What do I ſee? O Heav'n! either my Eyes
Are falſe, or ſtill the Marble Door remains
Unclos'd; the Iron Grates that lead to Death
Beneath, are ſtill wide ſtretch'd upon their Hinges,
And ſtaring on us with unfolded Leaves.

Alm.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly Yawn of Death for me;
And that dumb Mouth, ſignificant in Show,
Invites me to the Bed where I alone
Shall reſt; ſhews me the Grave, where Nature weary'd,
And long oppres'd with Woes and bending Cares,
May lay the Burden down, and ſink in Slumbers
Of Eternal Peace. Death, grim Death, will fold
Me in his leaden Arms, and preſs me cloſe
To his cold clayie Breaſt: My Father then
Will ceaſe his Tyranny; and *Garcia* too
Will fly my pale Deformity with loathing.
My Soul, enlarg'd from its vile Bonds, will mount,
And range the Starry Orbs, and Milky Ways,
Of that refulgent World, where I ſhall ſwim
In liquid Light, and float on Seas of Bliſs
To my *Alphonſo*'s Soul: O Joy too great!
O Extaſie of Thought! Help me, *Anſelmo*;
Help me, *Alphonſo*; take me, reach thy Hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, *Alphonſo:*
O *Alphonſo.*

[Oſmyn *aſcending from the Tomb.*

Oſm. Who calls that wretched Thing that was *Alphonſo?*

Alm. Angels, and all the Hoſts of Heaven, ſupport me!

Oſm. Whence is that Voice, whoſe Shrilneſs, from the Grave,
And growing to his dead Father's Shrowd, roots up
Alphonſo?

Alm. Mercy and Providence! O ſpeak to it,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; ſpeak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy Boſom, from the Light,
And from my Eyes.

Oſm. Amazement and Illuſion! Rivet me
To Earth, and nail me where I ſtand, ye Powers, [*Coming forward.*
That motionleſs I may be ſtill deceiv'd.
Let me not ſtir, nor breath, leſt I diſſolve
That tender, lovely Form of painted Air,
So like *Almeria.* Ha! it ſinks, it falls;
I'll catch it e'er it goes, and graſp her Shade.

'Tis Life! 'tis warm! 'tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe her ſelf!
Nor Dead, nor Shade, but breathing and alive!
It is *Almeria!* 'tis my Wife!

Enter Heli.

Leo. O Heaven unfold theſe Wonders!
Alas, ſhe ſtirs not yet, nor lifts her Eyes;
He too is fainting——Help me, help me, Stranger,
Who e'er thou art, and lend thy Hand to raiſe
Theſe Bodies.
Hel. By Heav'n 'tis he, and with——ha! *Almeria!*
Almeria! O Miracle of Happineſs!
O Joy unhop'd for, does *Almeria* live!
Oſm. Where is ſhe?
Let me behold and touch her, and be ſure
'Tis ſhe; ſhew me her Face, and let me feel
Her Lips with mine——'Tis ſhe, I'm not deceiv'd;
I taſte her Breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
Look up, *Almeria*, bleſs me with thy Eyes;
Look on thy Love, thy Lover, and thy Husband,
Look on *Alphonſo*.
Alm. I've ſworn I'll not w[illegible] *Garcia*; why d'ye force me?
Is this a Father?
Oſm. Thy Father is not here, nor *Garcia*: I am
Neither, nor what I ſeem, but thy *Alphonſo*.
Wilt thou not know me? Haſt thou then forgot me?
Haſt thou thy Eyes, yet can'ſt not ſee *Alphonſo?*
Am I ſo alter'd, or art thou ſo chang'd,
That ſeeing my Diſguiſe, thou ſeeſt not me?
Alm. It is, it is *Alphonſo*, 'tis his Face,
His Voice, I know him now, I know him all.
O take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the Bottom of the boundleſs Deep,
To Seas beneath, where thou ſo long haſt dwelt.
O how haſt thou return'd? How haſt thou charm'd
The wildneſs of the Waves and Rocks to this?
That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back

To Earth, to Light and Life, to Love and me.
Osm. O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why,
We both have backward trod the Paths of Fate,
To meet again in Life, to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any Circumstance
Or Means by which I have thee——
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy Lips,
And gaze upon thy Eyes, is so much Joy,
I have not leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle Time in thinking.
Alm. Let me look on thee, yet a little more.
Osm. What would'st thou? thou dost put me from thee.
Alm. Yes.
Osm. Why? what dost thou mean? why dost thou gaze so?
Alm. I know not, 'tis to see thy Face, I think——
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To see him thus again is such Profusion
Of Delight, I cannot bear it——I shall
Be mad——I cannot be transported thus.
Osm. Thou Excellence, thou Joy, thou Heav'n of Love!
Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?
How is all this? All-powerful Heav'n, what are we!
O my strain'd Heart——let me behold thee,
For I weep to see thee——Art thou not paler?
Much, much, alas; how thou art chang'd!
Osm. Not in my Love.
Alm. No, no, thy Griefs have done this to thee.
Thou hast wept much, *Alphonso*; and, I fear,
Too much lamented me.
Osm. Wrong not my Love, to say too much.
No more, my Life, talk not of Tears or Grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my Arms,
My Arms which ake to fold thee fast, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my Heart.
Alm. I will, for I should never look enough.
They would have marry'd me; but I had sworn
To Heav'n and thee, and sooner wou'd have dy'd——

Oſm. Perfection of all Truth!
Alm. Indeed I wou'd——Nay, I wou'd tell thee all,
If I cou'd ſpeak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd;
For I have pray'd to thee as to a Saint:
And thou haſt heard my Prayer; for thou art come
To my Diſtreſs, to my Deſpair, which Heav'n
Without thee could not cure.
Oſm. Grant me but Life, good Heaven, but length of Days,
To pay ſome Part, ſome little of this Debt,
This countleſs Sum of Tenderneſs and Love,
For which I ſtand engag'd to this All-excellence:
Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fate,
Snatch me from Life, and cut me ſhort unwarn'd;
Then, then 'twill be enough——I ſhall be Old,
I ſhall have liv'd beyond all *Æra*'s then
Of yet unmeaſur'd Time; when I have made
This exquiſite, amazing Goodneſs,
Some Recompence of Love and matchleſs Truth.
Alm. 'Tis more than Recompence, to ſee thy Face:
If Heav'n is greater Joy it is no Happineſs,
For 'tis not to be born——What ſhall I ſay?
I have a thouſand Things to know, and ask,
And ſpeak——That thou art here, beyond all Hope,
All Thought; that all at once thou art before me,
And with ſuch Suddenneſs haſt hit my Sight,
Is ſuch Surprize, ſuch Myſtery, ſuch Extaſie,
As hurries all my Soul, and dozes my weak Senſe.
Sure from thy Father's Tomb thou didſt ariſe!
Oſm. I did, and thou didſt call me.
Alm. How cam'ſt thou there? Wert thou alone?
Oſm. I was, and lying on my Father's Lead,
When broken Ecchoes of a diſtant Voice
Diſturb'd the Sacred Silence of the Vault,
In Murmurs round my Head. I roſe and liſtened,
And thought I heard thy Spirit call *Alphonſo*;
I thought I ſaw thee too; but O, I thought not
I indeed ſhou'd ſee thee——
Alm. But ſtill, how cam'ſt thee hither? how thus?——Ha!

What's

What's he, that like thy ſelf is ſtarted here
E'er ſeen?
Oſm. Where? ha! what do I ſee? *Antonio* here?
My Friend too ſafe!
Hel. Moſt happily, in finding you thus bleſs'd.
Alm. More Miracles! *Antonio* too eſcap'd!
Oſm. And twice eſcap'd, both from the Wreck of Seas
And Rage of War: For in the Fight I ſaw
Him fall.
Hel. But fell unhurt, a Priſoner as your ſelf,
And as your ſelf made free; hither I came
To ſeek you, where I knew your Grief would lead you,
To lament *Anſelmo*.———
Oſm. There are no Wonders, or elſe all is Wonder.
Hel. I ſaw you on the Ground, and rais'd you up.
I ſaw *Almeria*———
Oſm. I ſaw her too, and therefore ſaw not thee.
Alm. Nor I, nor could I, for my Eyes were yours.
Oſm. What means the Bounty of All-gracious Heav'n,
That thus with open Hand it ſcatters Good,
As in a waſte of Mercy?
Where will this end! but Heav'n is Infinite
In all, and can continue to beſtow,
When ſcanty Number ſhall be ſpent in telling.
Leo. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the Glimpſe
Of two in ſhining Habits croſs the Iſle,
And bending this way.
Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we muſt part ſo ſoon.
Oſm. I wiſh our parting were a Dream, or we
Could ſleep 'till we again were met.
Hel. *Zara* with *Selim*, Sir, I ſaw and know 'em:
You muſt be quick, for Love will lend her Wings.
Alm. What Love? who is ſhe?
Oſm. She's the Reverſe of thee; ſhe's my Unhappineſs.
Harbour no Thought that may diſturb thy Peace,
But gently take thy ſelf away, leſt ſhe
Should come and ſee the ſtraining of my Eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet

To part no more; my Friend will tell thee all;
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd *Alphonso*, now, but *Osmyn*;
And he *Heli*. All, all he will unfold.
Alm. Sure we shall meet again.
Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and Warmth of ever-kindling Love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy Heart in Absence.
[*Ex.* Alm. Leon. *and* Heli.
Yet I behold her——Now no more.
Turn your Lights inward, Eyes, and look
Upon my Thought; so shall you still behold her.
It wonnot be; O, impotence of Sight!
Mechanick Sense, which to exterior Objects
Owest thy Faculty.——
Not seeing of Election, but Necessity.
Thus do our Eyes, like common Mirrours,
Successively reflect succeeding Images;
Not what they would, but must; a Star, or Toad:
Just as the Hand of Chance administers.
Not so the Mind, whose undetermin'd View
Revolves, and to the present adds the past:
Essaying further to Futurity;
But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here
At once, as I have seen her often;
I'll muse on that, lest I exceed in thinking.

Enter Zara *attended by* Selim.

Zara. See where he stands, folded and fix'd to Earth,
Stiff'ning in Thought; a Statue among Statues.
Why, cruel *Osmyn*, dost thou fly me thus?
Is it well done? Is this then the Return
For Fame, for Honour, and for Empire lost?
But what is loss of Honour, Fame and Empire?
Is this the Recompence of Love?
Why dost thou leave my Eyes, and fly my Arms,
To find this place of Horror and Obscurity?

Am

Am I more loathſome to thee than the Grave,
That thou doſt ſeek to ſhield thee there, and ſhun
My Love? But to the Grave I'll follow thee——
He looks not, minds not, hears not; barbarous Man,
Am I neglected thus? Am I deſpis'd?
Not heard! Ungrateful *Oſmyn.*

Oſm. Ha, *Zara!*

Zara. Yes, Traitor; *Zara*, loſt, abandon'd *Zara*,
Is a regardleſs Suppliant, now, to *Oſmyn.*
The Slave, the Wretch that ſhe redeem'd from Death,
Diſdains to liſten now, or look on *Zara.*

Oſm. Far be the Guilt of ſuch Reproaches from me;
Loſt in my ſelf, and blinded by my Thoughts,
I ſaw you not.

Zara. Now then you ſee me——
But with ſuch dumb and thankleſs Eyes you look,
Better I was unſeen, than ſeen thus coldly.

Oſm. What would you from a Wretch that came to mourn,
And only for his Sorrows choſe this Solitude?
Look round; Joy is not here, nor Chearfulneſs.
You have purſu'd Misfortune to its Dwelling,
Yet look for Gaiety and Gladneſs there.

Zara. Inhuman! why, why doſt thou wrack me thus?
And with Perverſeneſs, from the Purpoſe, anſwer?
What is't to me, this Houſe of Miſery?
What Joy do I require? If thou doſt mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to ſhare thy Griefs,
And give thee in Exchange my Love.

Oſm. O that's the greateſt Grief——I am ſo poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou haſt a Heart, though 'tis a Savage one;
Give it me as it is; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For ſaving thee, when I beheld thee firſt,
Driven by the Tide upon my Country's Coaſt,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in Briny Waves,
Thou and thy Friend, 'till my Compaſſion found thee;
Compaſſion! ſcarce will it own that Name, ſo ſoon,

Eliz: Mon

So

So quickly was it Love, for thou wert God-like
Ev'n then. Kneeling on Earth, I loos'd my Hair,
And with it dry'd thy wat'ry Cheeks; chafing
Thy Temples, 'till reviving Blood aroſe,
And like the Morn Vermilion'd o'er thy Face.
O Heav'n! how did my Heart rejoice and ake,
When I beheld the Day-break of thy Eyes,
And felt the Balm of thy reſpiring Lips!

Oſm. O call not to my Mind what you have done,
It ſets a Debt of that Account before me,
Which ſhews me Bankrupt even in Hopes.

Zara. The faithful *Selim*, and my Women know
The Dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abus'd the credulous King;
What Arts I us'd to make you paſs on him,
When he receiv'd you as the Prince of *Fez*;
And as my Kinſman, honour'd and advanc'd you.
O, why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was't not for you this War
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated *Manuel*, I urg'd my Husband
On to this Invaſion; where he was loſt;
Where all is loſt, and I am made a Slave.
Look on me now, from Empire fall'n to Slavery;
Think on my Suff'rings firſt, then look on me;
Think on the Cauſe of all, then view thy ſelf:
Reflect on *Oſmyn*, and then look on *Zara*,
The fall'n, the loſt, the Captive *Zara*.
What then is *Oſmyn*?

Oſm. A fatal Wretch——a huge ſtupendious Rūin,
That tumbling on its Prop, cruſh'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous Palaces to Earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vileſt,
If I have gain'd thy Love, 'tis glorious Ruin;
Ruin! 'tis ſtill to reign, and to be more
A Queen; for what are Riches, Empire, Power,
But larger Means to gratifie the Will?
The Steps on which we tread, to riſe, and reach

Our

Our Wish; and that obtain'd, down with the Scaffolding
Of Sceptres, Crowns, and Thrones; they've serv'd their End,
And are, like Lumber, to be left and scorn'd.
Osm. Why was I made the Instrument, to throw
In Bonds the Frame of this exalted Mind?
Zara. We may be free; the Conqueror is mine;
In Chains unseen I hold him by the Heart,
And can unwind or strain him as I please.
Give me thy Love, I'll give thee Liberty.
Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free your self,
And leave a Slave the Wretch that would be so.
Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.
Osm. Alas, you know me not.
Zara. Not who thou art;
But what, this last Ingratitude declares,
This groveling Baseness——Thou say'st true, I know
Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a Name:
But something so unworthy, and so vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,
Than all the Malice of my other Fate.
Traitor, Monster, cold and perfidious Slave;
A Slave, not daring to be free! nor dares
To love above him, for 'tis dangerous:
'Tis that, I know; for thou dost look, with Eyes
Sparkling Desire, and trembling to possess.
I know my Charms have reach'd thy very Soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darted Fires; but thou
Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish. The King!
There, there's the dreadful Sound, the King's thy Rival!
Selim. Madam, the King is here.
Zara. As I could wish; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

Enter the King, Perez, and Attendants.

King. Why does the Fairest of her Kind withdraw
Her Shining from the Day, to gild this Scene
Of Death and Night? Ha! what Disorder's this?

Somewhat I heard of King and Rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be Rival to the King?
Or lift his Eyes to like, where I adore?

Zara. There, he; your Priſoner, and that was my Slave.

King. How? Better than my Hopes? Does ſhe accuſe him?
[*Aſide.*

Zara. Am I become ſo low by my Captivity,
And do your Arms ſo leſſen what they conquer,
That *Zara* muſt be made the Sport of Slaves?
And ſhall the Wretch, whom yeſter Sun beheld
Waiting my Nod, the Creature of my Lord
And me, preſume to Day to plead audacious Love,
And build bold Hopes on my dejected Fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the Rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the Bolt red-hiſſing from the Hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that Inſolence.
'Tis daring for a God. Hence, to the Wheel
With that *Ixion*, who aſpires to hold
Divinity embrac'd; to Whips and Priſons
Drag him with ſpeed, and rid me of his Face.
[*Guards carry off* Oſmyn.

Zara. Compaſſion led me to bemoan his State,
Whoſe former Faith had merited much more:
And through my Hopes in you, I promis'd Freedom
From his Chains; thence ſprung his Inſolence,
And what was Charity, he conſtru'd Love.

King. Enough; his Puniſhment be what you pleaſe.
But let me lead you from this Place of Sorrow,
To one, where young Delights attend; and Joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the Bud,
That wait to be full-blown at your Approach,
And ſpread like Roſes to the Morning Sun:
Where ev'ry Hour ſhall roll in circling Joys,
And Love ſhall wing the tedious-waſting Day.
Life without Love is Load; and Time ſtands ſtill:
What we refuſe to him, to Death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live. [*Ex. Omnes.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Priſon.

Enter Oſmyn *alone, with a Paper.*

Oſm. BUT now, and I was clos'd within the Tomb
That holds my Father's Aſhes; and but now,
Where he was Pris'ner I am too impriſon'd.
Sure 'tis the Hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,
And for ſome Purpoſe points out theſe Remembrances.
In a dark Corner of my Cell I found
This Paper, what it is this Light will ſhow.

Reading. *If my* Alphonſo——Ha!
If my Alphonſo *live, reſtore him, Heav'n;*
Give me more Weight, cruſh my declining Years
With Bolts, with Chains, Impriſonment and Want;
But bleſs my Son, viſit not him for me.

It is his Hand, this was his Pray'r——yet more:

Reading. *Let ev'ry Hair, which Sorrow by the Roots*
Tears from my hoary and devoted Head,
Be doubled in thy Mercies to my Son:
Not for my ſelf, but him, hear me, All-gracious——

'Tis wanting what ſhould follow——*Heav'n* ſhou'd follow,
But 'tis torn off——Why ſhou'd that Word alone
Be torn from his Petition? 'Twas to Heav'n,
But Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not; but thus,
Thus as the Name of Heav'n from this is torn,
So did it tear the Ears of Mercy from

His Voice, ſhutting the Gates of Pray'r againſt him.
If Piety be thus debarr'd Acceſs
On high, and of good Men the very beſt
Is ſingled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,
What is Reward? or what is Puniſhment?
But who ſhall dare to tax Eternal Juſtice!
Yet I may think——I may, I muſt; for Thought
Precedes the Will to think, and Error lives
E'er Reaſon can be born: Reaſon, the Power
To gueſs at Right and Wrong; the twinkling Lamp
Of wand'ring Life, that winks and wakes by turns,
Fooling the Follower, betwixt Shade and Shining.
What Noiſe! Who's there? my Friend! How cam'ſt thou hither?

Enter Heli.

Hel. The Time's too precious to be ſpent in telling;
The Captain, influenc'd by *Almeria*'s Power,
Gave Order to the Guards for my Admittance.
Oſm. How does *Almeria?* But I know, ſhe is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to ſee her?
Hel. You may; anon, at Midnight, when the King
Is gone to Reſt, and *Garcia* is retir'd,
(Who takes the Privilege to viſit late,
Preſuming on a Bridegroom's Right) ſhe'll come.
Oſm. She'll come; 'tis what I wiſh, yet what I fear.
She'll come, but whither, and to whom? O Heav'n!
To a vile Priſon, and a captiv'd Wretch;
To one, whom had ſhe never known ſhe had
Been happy: Why, why was that Heav'nly Creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forſakes?
Why does ſhe follow, with unwearied Steps,
One, who has tir'd Misfortune with purſuing?
One, driv'n about the World like blaſted Leaves
And Chaff, the Sport of adverſe Winds; 'till late
At length, impriſon'd in ſome Cleft of Rock,
Or Earth, it reſts, and rots to ſilent Duſt.

Hel.

Hel. Have Hopes, and hear the Voice of better Fate.
I've learn'd there are Diſorders ripe for Mutiny
Among the Troops, who thought to ſhare the Plunder,
Which *Manuel* to his own Uſe and Avarice
Converts. This News has reach'd *Valentia*'s Frontiers;
Where many of your Subjects, long oppreſs'd
With Tyranny and grievous Impoſitions,
Are riſen in Arms, and call for Chiefs to head
And lead 'em, to regain their Liberty
And Native Rights.

Oſm. By Heav'n thou'ſt rouz'd me from my Lethargy.
The Spirit which was deaf to my own Wrongs,
Deaf to Revenge, and the loud Cries of my
Dead Father's Blood; nay, which refus'd to hear
The piercing Sighs and Murmurs of my Love
Yet unenjoy'd, what not *Almeria* could
Revive, or raiſe, my Peoples Voice has waken'd.
O my *Antonio*, I am all on Fire,
My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
And bear amidſt the Foe, with conqu'ring Troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty,
To Victory; their Shouts and Clamours rend
My Ears, and reach the Heav'ns; where is the King?
Where is *Alphonſo?* ha! where? where indeed?
O I could tear and burſt the Strings of Life,
To break theſe Chains. Off, off, ye Stains of Royalty.
Off Slavery. O curſe! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my Cage, when I
Would ſoar, and ſtoop at Victory beneath.

Hel. Our Poſture of Affairs, and ſcanty Time,
My Lord, require you ſhould compoſe your ſelf,
And think on what we may reduce to practice.
Zara, the Cauſe of your Reſtraint, may be
The Means of Liberty reſtor'd. That gain'd,
Occaſion will not fail to point out Ways
For your Eſcape. Mean time, I've thought already
With Speed and Safety, to convey my ſelf
Where not far off ſome Male-Contents hold Council

Nightly

Nightly; hating this Tyrant; ſome, who love
Anſelmo's Memory, and will, no doubt,
When they ſhall know you live, aſſiſt your Cauſe.
Oſm. My Friend and Counſellor, as thou think'ſt fit,
So do. I will with Patience wait my Fortune.
Hel. When *Zara* comes, abate of your Averſion.
Oſm. I hate her not, nor can diſſemble Love:
But as I may, I'll do. I have a Paper
Which I would ſhew thee, Friend, but that the Sight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy Expedition.
Within I found it, by my Father's Hand
'Twas writ; a Pray'r for me, wherein appears
Paternal Love prevailing o'er his Sorrows;
Such Sanctity, ſuch Tenderneſs, ſo mix'd
With Grief, as wou'd draw Tears from Inhumanity.
Hel. The Care of Providence ſure left it there,
To arm your Mind with Hope. Such Piety
Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in Store
For you, thoſe Bleſſings it with-held from him.
In that Aſſurance live, which Time, I hope,
And our next Meeting will confirm.
Oſm. Farewel,
My Friend, the Good thou doſt deſerve attend thee. [*Ex.* Heli.
I've been to blame, and queſtion'd with Impiety
The Care of Heav'n. Not ſo my Father bore
More Anxious Grief. This ſhou'd have better taught me;
This Leſſon, in ſome Hour of Inſpiration,
By him ſet down; when his pure Thoughts were born,
Like Fumes of Sacred Incenſe, o'er the Clouds,
And wafted thence, on Angels Wings, thro' Ways
Of Light to the bright Source of all. There, in
The Book of Preſcience, he beheld this Day;
And waking to the World and Mortal Senſe,
Left this Example of his Reſignation,
This his laſt Legacy to me, which I
Will treaſure here; more worth than Diadems,
Or all extended Rule of Regal Pow'r.

Enter

Enter Zara *Veil'd.*

What Brightneſs breaks upon me thus thro' Shades,
And promiſes a Day to this dark Dwelling!
Is it my Love?——
Zara. O that thy Heart had taught [*Lifting her Veil.*
Thy Tongue that Saying.
Oſm. Zara! I'm betray'd
By my Surprize.
Zara. What, does my Face diſpleaſe thee?
That having ſeen it, thou doſt turn thy Eyes
Away, as from Deformity and Horror.
If ſo, this Sable Curtain ſhall again
Be drawn, and I will ſtand before thee ſeeing,
And unſeen. Is it my Love? ask again
That Queſtion, ſpeak again in that ſoft Voice,
And look again with Wiſhes in thy Eyes.
O no, thou can'ſt not, for thou ſeeſt me now,
As ſhe, whoſe Savage Breaſt has been the Cauſe
Of theſe thy Wrongs; as ſhe, whoſe barbarous Rage
Has loaden thee with Chains and galling Irons:
Well doſt thou ſcorn me, and upbraid my Falſeneſs;
Cou'd one that lov'd thus torture what ſhe lov'd?
No, no, it muſt be Hatred, dire Revenge
And Deteſtation, that cou'd uſe thee thus.
So thou doſt think; then do but tell me ſo;
Tell me, and thou ſhalt ſee how I'll revenge
Thee on this falſe one, how I'll ſtab and tear
This Heart of Flint 'till it ſhall bleed; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own Miſeries.
Oſm. You wrong me, beauteous *Zara*, to believe
I bear my Fortunes with ſo low a Mind,
As ſtill to meditate Revenge on all
Whom Chance, or Fate working by ſecret Cauſes,
Has made perforce ſubſervient to that End
The Heav'nly Pow'rs allot me; no, not you,
But Deſtiny and inauſpicious Stars

Have

Have caſt me down to this low Being: Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deſerv'd it.

Zara. Can'ſt thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my Fault, to call it Madneſs?
O, give that Madneſs yet a milder Name,
And call it Paſſion; then, be ſtill more kind,——
And call that Paſſion Love.

Oſm. Give it a Name,
Or Being as you pleaſe, ſuch I will think it.

Zara. O thou doſt wound me more with this thy Goodneſs,
Than e'er thou cou'dſt with bittereſt Reproaches;
Thy Anger cou'd not pierce thus to my Heart.

Oſm. Yet I could wiſh——

Zara. Haſte me to know it, what?

Oſm. That at this Time I had not been this Thing.

Zara. What Thing?

Oſm. This Slave.

Zara. O Heav'n! my Fears interpret
This thy Silence; ſomewhat of high Concern,
Long faſhioning within thy labouring Mind,
And now juſt ripe for Birth, my Rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I ſo curs'd?

Oſm. Time may have ſtill one fated Hour to come,
Which wing'd with Liberty, might overtake
Occaſion paſt.

Zara. Swift as Occaſion, I
My ſelf will flie; and earlier than the Morn
Wake thee to Freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some News few Minutes paſt arriv'd, which ſeem'd
To ſhake the Temper of the King——who knows
What racking Cares diſeaſe a Monarch's Bed?
Or Love, that late at Night ſtill lights his Lamp,
And ſtrikes his Rays thro' duſk and folded Lids,
Forbidding Reſt, may ſtretch his Eyes awake,
And force their Balls abroad at this dead Hour,
I'll try.

Oſm. I have not merited this Grace;
Nor, ſhould my ſecret Purpoſe take Effect,

Can

Can I repay, as you require, ſuch Benefits.——
Zara. Thou canſt not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already loſt. But as
The preſent Form of our Engagements reſts,
Thou haſt the Wrong, 'till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy Juſtice to return
My Love. Adieu. [*Exit* Zara.
Oſm. This Woman has a Soul
Of God-like Mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in ſpight of me, my beſt
Eſteem; to this ſhe's fair, few more can boaſt
Of Perſonal Charms, or with leſs Vanity
Might hope to captivate the Hearts of Kings.
But ſhe has Paſſions which out-ſtrip the Wind,
And tear her Virtues up, as Tempeſts root
The Sea. I fear when ſhe ſhall know the Truth,
Some ſwift and dire Event of her blind Rage
Will make all fatal. But behold, ſhe comes
For whom I fear, to ſhield me from my Fears.

Enter Almeria.

The Cauſe and Comfort of my boding Heart,
My Life, my Health, my Liberty, my All,
How ſhall I welcome thee to this ſad Place?
How ſpeak to thee the Words of Joy and Tranſport?
How run into thy Arms, with-held by Fetters;
Or take thee into mine, thus manacled
And pinion'd like a Thief or Murderer?
Shall I not hurt or bruiſe thy tender Body,
And ſtain thy Boſom with the Ruſt of theſe
Rude Irons? Muſt I meet thee thus, *Almeria?*
Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'ſt me thou would'ſt think how we might meet
To part no more——Now we will part no more,
For theſe thy Chains, or Death, ſhall join us ever.
Oſm. Hard Means to ratifie that Word!——O Cruelty!
That ever I ſhould think beholding thee

A Torture!——yet, ſuch is the bleeding Anguiſh
Of my Heart, to ſee thy Sufferings——O Heav'n!
That I cou'd almoſt turn my Eyes away,
Or wiſh thee from my Sight.
Alm. O ſay not ſo;
Tho' 'tis becauſe thou lov'ſt me. Do not ſay,
On any Terms, that thou doſt wiſh me from thee,
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's Heart, devour our Woes
With mutual Appetite; and mingling in
One Cup the common Stream of both our Eyes,
Drink bitter Draughts, with never-ſlacking Thirſt.
Thus better, than for any Cauſe to part.
What doſt thou think? Look not ſo tenderly
Upon me——ſpeak, and take me in thy Arms——
Thou canſt not! thy poor Arms are bound, and ſtrive
In vain with the remorſeleſs Chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy Fleſh, feſtring thy Limbs
With rankling Ruſt.
Oſm. Oh! O——
Alm. Give me that Sigh.
Why doſt thou heave, and ſtifle in thy Griefs?
Thy Heart will burſt, thy Eyes look red and ſtart;
Give thy Soul way, and tell me thy dark Thought.
Oſm. For this World's Rule, I wou'd not wound thy Breaſt
With ſuch a Dagger as then ſtuck my Heart.
Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound me more,
Than knowing thou haſt felt it. Tell it me.
——Thou giv'ſt me Pain with too much Tenderneſs!
Oſm. And thy exceſſive Love diſtracts my Senſe!
O could'ſt thou be leſs killing, ſoft or kind,
Grief would not double thus his Darts againſt me.
Alm. Thou doſt me Wrong, and Grief too robs my Heart,
If there he ſhoot not ev'ry other Shaft;
Thy ſecond ſelf ſhou'd feel each other Wound,
And Woe ſhou'd be in equal Portions dealt.
I am thy Wife——

Oſm.

Oſm. O thou haſt ſearch'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel Cords,
That ſtrain my cracking Nerves; Engines and Wheels,
That Piece-meal grind, are Beds of Down and Balm
To that Soul-racking Thought.
Alm. Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be ſo; if I'm thy Torment
Kill me, kill me then, daſh me with thy Chains,
Tread on me, ſpurn me: Am I the Boſom-Snake,
That ſucks thy warm Life-Blood, and gnaws thy Heart?
O that thy Words had force to break thoſe Bonds,
As they have ſtrength to tear this Heart in ſunder;
So ſhould'ſt thou be at large from all Oppreſſion.
Am I, am I of all thy Woes the worſt?
Oſm. My all of Bliſs, my everlaſting Life,
Soul of my Soul, and End of all my Wiſhes,
Why doſt thou thus unman me with thy Words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy Weepings?
What doſt thou ask? why doſt thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy Sorrows have diſturb'd thy Peace of Mind,
And thou doſt ſpeak of Miſeries impoſſible.
Alm. Didſt thou not ſay, that Racks and Wheels were Balm,
And Beds of Eaſe, to thinking me thy Wife?
Oſm. No, no; nor ſhould the ſubtleſt Pains that Hell,
Or Hell-born Malice can invent, extort
A Wiſh or Thought from me, to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my Heart:
Thou art my Wife——nay, thou art yet my Bride!
The Sacred Union of Connubial Love
Yet unaccompliſh'd; his myſterious Rites
Delay'd; nor has our Hymenial Torch
Yet lighted up his laſt moſt grateful Sacrifice;
But daſh'd with Rain from Eyes, and ſwail'd with Sighs,
Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring Light.
Is this dark Cell a Temple for that God?
Or this vile Earth an Altar for ſuch Off'rings?
This Den for Slaves, this Dungeon damp'd with Woes,
Is this our Marriage-Bed! Are theſe our Joys?

Is this to call thee mine? O hold my Heart:
To call thee mine? Yes; thus, ev'n thus, to call
Thee mine, were Comfort, Joy, extreameſt Extaſie.
But O thou art not mine, not ev'n in Miſery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be ſo bleſs'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No; not that
The extreameſt Malice of our Fate can hinder:
That ſtill is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the Leavings of Calamity.
There we will feaſt, and ſmile on paſt Diſtreſs,
And hug, in ſcorn of it, our mutual Ruin.

Oſm. O thou doſt talk, my Love, as one reſolv'd,
Becauſe not knowing Danger. But look forward;
Think on to Morrow, when thou ſhalt be torn
From theſe weak, ſtruggling, unextended Arms;
Think how my Heart will heave, and Eyes will ſtrain,
To graſp and reach what is deny'd my Hands:
Think how the Blood will ſtart, and Tears will guſh
To follow thee, my ſeparating Soul.
Think how I am, when thou ſhalt wed with *Garcia!*
Then will I ſmear theſe Walls with Blood, daſh my
Disfigur'd Face, and rive my clotted Hair,
Break on the Ground my throbbing Breaſt,
And grovel with gaſh'd Hands to ſcratch a Grave,
Stripping my Nails, to tear this Pavement up,
And bury me alive; where I will bite the Ground
'Till gorg'd with ſuffocating Earth.

Alm. O diſmal Cruel! heart-breaking Horror!

Oſm. Then *Garcia* ſhall lie panting on thy Boſom,
Luxurious, revelling amidſt thy Charms;
And thou perforce muſt yield, and aid his Tranſport.
Hell! Hell! have I not Cauſe to rage and rave?
What are all Racks, and Wheels, and Whips to this?
Are they not ſoothing Softneſs, ſinking Eaſe,
And wafting Air to this? O my *Almeria*,
What do the Damn'd endure, but to deſpair,
But knowing Heav'n, to know it loſt for ever?

Alm.

Alm. O, I am ſtruck; thy Words are Bolts of Ice,
Which ſhot into my Breaſt, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, ſhake, and faint with thrilling Fears.
No, hold me not——O, let us not ſupport,
But ſink each other, lower yet, down, down,
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth
With Rivers of inceſſant ſcalding Rain.

Enter Zara, Perez *and* Selim.

Zara. Somewhat of weight to me requires his Freedom.
Dare you diſpute the King's Command? Behold
The Royal Signet.
Perez. I obey; yet beg,
Your Majeſty one Moment to defer
Your ent'ring, 'till the Princeſs is return'd
From viſiting the Noble Priſoner. [*Exit* Perez.
Zara. Ha!
What ſaiſt thou?
Oſm. We are loſt! undone! diſcover'd!
Retire, my Life, with ſpeed——Alas, we're ſeen!
Speak of Compaſſion, let her hear you ſpeak
Of interceeding for me with the King;
Say ſomewhat quickly to conceal our Loves,
If poſſible——
Alm. ——I cannot ſpeak,
Oſm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But 'till ſhe's gone; then bleſs me thus again.
Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confuſion in his Face, and Grief in hers!
'Tis plain, I've been abus'd——Death and Deſtruction!
How ſhall I ſearch into this Myſtery?
The blueſt Blaſt of Peſtilential Air
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill his Eyes;
Perdition catch 'em both, and Ruin part 'em

Oſm.

Osm. This Charity to one unknown, and in
Distress, Heav'n will repay; all Thanks are poor.
[*Exit* Almeria.

Zara. Damn'd, damn'd Dissembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choak in my Rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this Deceiver——You seem much surpriz'd.

Osm. At your Return so soon and unexpected!

Zara. And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.
Confusion! yet I will contain my self.
You're grown a Favourite since last we parted;
Perhaps I'm Sawcy and Intruding——

Osm. ——Madam!

Zara. I did not know the Princess Favourite;
Your Pardon, Sir——mistake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to set
You free: But shall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an Interest superior.

Osm. You do not come to mock my Miseries?

Zara. I do.

Osm. I could at this time spare your Mirth.

Zara. I know thou cou'dst, but I'm not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. What Miseries?
Who would not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the Care of weeping Majesty?
To have contending Queens, at dead of Night
Forsake their Down, to wake with wat'ry Eyes,
And watch like Tapers o'er your Hours of Rest.
O Curse! I cannot hold.——

Osm. Come, 'tis much.

Zara. Villain!

Osm. How, Madam!

Zara. Thou shalt die.

Osm. I thank you.

Zara. Thou ly'st; for now I know for whom thou'dst live.

Osm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zara. Hell! Hell!
Yet I'll be calm——Dark and unknown Betrayer!
But now the Dawn begins, and the slow Hand

Of

Of Fate is ſtretch'd to draw the Veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked Mark of Publick View.
Oſm. You may be ſtill deceiv'd; 'tis in my Pow'r.
Zara. Ha!
Who waits there?

Enter Perez.

As you'll anſwer it, take heed
This Slave commit no Violence upon
Himſelf. I've been deceiv'd. The Publick Safety
Requires he ſhould be more confin'd; and none,
No not the Princes ſelf, permitted to
Confer with him. I'll quit you to the King.
Vile and ingrate! too late thou ſhalt repent
The baſe Injuſtice thou haſt done my Love:
Yes, thou ſhalt know, ſpite of thy paſt Diſtreſs,
And all thoſe Ills which thou ſo long haſt mourn'd;
Heav'n has no Rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd,
Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman ſcorn'd.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The End of the Third Act.

Heaven has no Rage like Love to Hatred turned nor Hell a Fury like a woman scorned

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

Enter Zara *and* Selim.

Zara. THOU haſt already rack'd me with thy Stay;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?
Selim. Your Accuſation highly has incens'd
The King, and were alone enough to urge
The Fate of *Oſmyn*; but to that, freſh News
Is ſince arriv'd, of more revolted Troops.
'Tis certain *Heli* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds Amazement and Diſtraction) ſome
Who bore high Offices of Weight and Truſt,
Both in the State and Army. This confirms
The King, in full Belief of all you told him,
Concerning *Oſmyn*'s correſponding with
The Heads of thoſe who firſt began the Mutiny.
Wherefore a Warrant for his Death is ſign'd,
And Order given for Publick Execution.
Zara. Ha! haſte thee! fly, prevent his Fate and mine;
Find out the King, tell him I have of Weight
More than his Crown t'impart e'er *Oſmyn* die.
Selim. It needs not, for the King will ſtrait be here,
And as to your Revenge, not his own Int'reſt,
Pretend to Sacrifice the Life of *Oſmyn*.
Zara. What ſhall I ſay? Invent; contrive, adviſe
Somewhat to blind the King, and ſave his Life
In whom I live. Spite of my Rage and Pride,
I am a Woman, and a Lover ſtill.
O! 'tis more Grief but to ſuppoſe his Death,
Than ſtill to meet the Rigour of his Scorn.

From

From my Deſpair my Anger had its Source;
When he is dead I muſt deſpair for ever.
For ever! that's Deſpair——it was Diſtruſt
Before; Diſtruſt will ever be in Love,
And Anger in Diſtruſt, both ſhort-liv'd Pains.
But in Deſpair, and ever-during Death,
No Term, no Bound, but Infinite of Woe.
O Torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be born——Deviſe the Means to ſhun it,
Quick; or, by Heav'n, this Dagger drinks thy Blood.

Selim. My Life is yours, nor wiſh I to preſerve it,
But to ſerve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my Rage; I know thy Love and Truth.
But ſay, what's to be done? or when, or how
Shall I prevent, or ſtop th' approaching Danger?

Selim. You muſt ſtill ſeem moſt reſolute and fix'd
On *Oſmyn*'s Death; too quick a Change of Mercy
Might breed Suſpicion of the Cauſe. Adviſe,
That Execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what Pretence?

Selim. Your own Requeſt's enough.
However, for a Colour, tell him, you
Have Cauſe to fear his Guards may be corrupted,
And ſome of them bought off to *Oſmyn*'s Int'reſt;
Who, at the Place of Execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an Eſcape.
The State of things will countenance all Suſpicions.
Then offer to the King to have him ſtrangl'd
In ſecret, by your Mutes; and get an Order,
That none but Mutes may have Admittance to him.
I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
This Grant——and I'll acquaint you with the reſt.

Enter King, Gonſalez, Garcia, Perez.

King. Bear to the Dungeon thoſe Rebellious Slaves,
Th' ignoble Currs, that yelp to fill the Cry,
And ſpend their Mouths in barking Tyranny.

But for their Leaders, *Sancho* and *Ramirez*,
Let 'em be led away to preſent Death.
Perez, ſee it perform'd.
Gonſ. Might I preſume,
Their Execution better were deferr'd,
'Till *Oſmyn* die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this Conſpiracy.
King. Then be it ſo.
Stay, Soldier; they ſhall ſuffer with the *Moor*.
Are none return'd of thoſe who follow'd *Heli?*
Gonſ. None, Sir. Some Papers have been ſince diſcover'd
In *Roderigo*'s Houſe, who fled with him,
Which ſeem to intimate, as if *Alphonſo*,
Still alive, were arming in *Valentia:*
Which wears indeed this Colour of a Truth,
They who are fled have that Way bent their Courſe.
Of the ſame Nature divers Notes have been
Diſpers'd, t'amuze the People; whereupon
Some ready of Belief have rais'd this Rumour:
That being ſav'd upon the Coaſt of *Africk*,
He there diſclos'd himſelf to *Albucacim*,
And by a ſecret Compact made with him,
Open'd the way to this Invaſion;
While he himſelf, returning to *Valentia*
In private, undertook to raiſe this Tumult.
Zara. Ha! hear'ſt thou that? Is *Oſmyn* then *Alphonſo!*
O Heav'n! a thouſand things occur
To my Remembrance now, that make it plain.
O certain Death for him, as ſure Deſpair
For me, if it be known——If not, what Hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the loweſt Baſeneſs, now
To yield him up——No, I will ſtill conceal him,
And try the Force of yet more Obligations.
Gonſ. 'Tis not impoſſible. Yet, it may be
That ſome Impoſtor has uſurp'd his Name.
Your beauteous Captive *Zara* can inform,
If ſuch a one, ſo 'ſcaping, was receiv'd,
At any time, in *Albucacim*'s Court.

King.

King. Pardon, fair Excellence, this long Neglect:
An unforeſeen, unwelcome Hour of Buſineſs,
Has thruſt between us and our while of Love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing Sand,
Will quickly waſte, and give again the Day.
Zara. You're too ſecure: The Danger is more imminent
Than your high Courage ſuffers you to ſee;
While *Oſmyn* lives, you are not ſafe.
King. His Doom
Is paſs'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.
Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your Entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One that did call himſelf *Alphonſo*
Was caſt upon my Coaſt, as is reported,
And oft had private Conference with the King;
To what Effect I knew not then: But that
Alphonſo privately departed, juſt
About the time our Arms embark'd for *Spain.*
What I know more is, That a tripple League
Of ſtricteſt Friendſhip, was profeſs'd between
Alphonſo, Heli, and the Traitor *Oſmyn.*
King. Publick Report is ratify'd in this.
Zara. And *Oſmyn*'s Death requir'd of ſtrong neceſſity.
King. Give Order ſtrait that all the Pris'ners die,
We will our ſelf behold the Execution.
Zara. Forbear a Moment; ſomewhat more I have
Worthy your private Ear, and this your Miniſter.
King. Let all elſe 'void the Room. *Garcia,* give Order
For doubling all our Guards; command that our
Militia are in Arms: We will anon
Ride forth, and view the Order of our Troops.
[*Exeunt* Garcia, Perez, *and Attendants.*
Zara. I am your Captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
And in return of that, tho' otherwiſe
Your Enemy, I have diſcover'd *Oſmyn*
His private Practice and Conſpiracy
Againſt your State: And fully to diſcharge
My ſelf of what I've undertaken, now

I think it fit to tell you, that your Guards
Are tainted; ſome among 'em have reſolv'd
To reſcue *Oſmyn* at the Place of Death.
King. Is Treaſon then ſo near us as our Guards!
Zara. Moſt certain; tho' my Knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular Men.
King. What's to be done?
Zara. That too I will adviſe.
I have remaining in my Train ſome Mutes,
A Preſent once from the *Sultana* Queen,
In the *Grand Signior*'s Court. Theſe, from their Infancy,
Are practis'd in the Trade of Death; and ſhall
(As there the Cuſtom is) in private ſtrangle
Oſmyn.
Gonſ. My Lord, the Queen adviſes well.
King. What Off'ring, or what Recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy of ſo great Services?
To caſt beneath your Feet the Crown you've ſav'd,
Though on the Head that wears it, were too little.
Zara. Of that hereafter; but, mean time, 'tis fit
You order none may have Admittance to
The Pris'ner, but ſuch Meſſengers as I
Shall ſend.
King. Who waits there?

Enter Perez.

On your Life take heed,
That only *Zara*'s Mutes, or ſuch who bring
Her Warrant, have Admittance to the *Moor*.
Zara. They and no other, not the Princeſs ſelf.
Perez. Your Majeſty ſhall be obey'd.
King. Retire. [*Ex.* Perez.
Gonſ. That Interdiction ſo particular,
Pronounc'd with Vehemence againſt the Princeſs,
Should have more Meaning than appears bare-fac'd.
The King is blinded by his Love, and heeds
It not. Your Majeſty ſure might have ſpared

That

That laſt Reſtraint; you hardly can ſuſpect
The Princeſs is Confederate with the *Moor*.
Zara. I've heard, her Charity did once extend
So far to viſit him, at his Requeſt.
Gonſ. Ha!
King. How? ſhe viſit *Oſmyn!* What, my Daughter?
Selim. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.
Zara. And after did ſollicite you on his
Behalf.——
King. Never. You have been miſ-inform'd.
Zara. Indeed? Then 'twas a Whiſper ſpread by ſome
Who wiſh'd it ſo; a common Art in Courts.
I will retire, and inſtantly prepare
Inſtruction for my Miniſters of Death.
[*Exeunt* Zara *and* Selim.
Gonſ. There's ſomewhat yet of Myſtery in this;
Her Words and Actions are obſcure and double,
Sometimes concur, and ſometimes diſagree;
I like it not.
King. What doſt thou think, *Gonſalez*;
Are we not much indebted to this Fair one?
Gonſ. I am a little ſlow of Credit, Sir,
In the Sincerity of Womens Actions.
Methinks this Lady's Hatred to the *Moor*,
Diſquiets her too much; which makes it ſeem
As if ſhe'd rather that ſhe did not hate him.
I wiſh her Mutes are meant to be employ'd
As ſhe pretends——I doubt it now——Your Guards
Corrupted; how? by whom? who told her ſo?
I'th' Evening *Oſmyn* was to die; at Mid-night
She begg'd the Royal Signet to releaſe him;
I'th' Morning he muſt die again; e'er Noon
Her Mutes alone muſt Strangle him or he'll
Eſcape. This put together ſuits not well.
King. Yet, that there's Truth in what ſhe has diſcover'd,
Is manifeſt from every Circumſtance.
This Tumult, and the Lords who fled with *Heli*,
Are Confirmation——that *Alphonſo* lives,

Agrees

Agrees expreſly too with her Report.

Gonſ. I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in Rage
Of Jealouſie, ſhe has diſcover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd,
But why that needleſs Caution of the Princeſs?
What if ſhe had ſeen *Oſmyn?* though 'twere ſtrange;
But if ſhe had, what was't to her? unleſs
She fear'd her ſtronger Charms might cauſe the *Moor's*
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, Friend.
There's Reaſon in thy Doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'ſt thou that my Daughter ſaw this *Moor?*

Gonſ. If *Oſmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonſo's Friend; 'tis not impoſſible,
But ſhe might wiſh on his Account to ſee him.

King. Say'ſt thou? by Heav'n thou haſt arouz'd a Thought,
That like a ſudden Earth-quake, ſhakes my Frame;
Confuſion! then my Daughter's an Accomplice,
And plots in private with this helliſh *Moor.*

Gonſ. That were too hard a Thought——but ſee ſhe comes.
'Twere not amiſs to queſtion her a little,
And try howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, ſhe'll be concern'd
For *Oſmyn's* Death, as he's *Alphonſo's* Friend.
Urge that, to try if ſhe'll ſollicite for him.

Enter Almeria *and* Leonora.

King. Your coming has prevented me, *Almeria;*
I had determin'd to have ſent for you.
Let your Attendant be diſmiſs'd, I have [*Exit* Leonora.
To talk with you. Come near, why doſt thou ſhake?
What mean thoſe ſwollen and red-fleck'd Eyes, that look
As they had wept in Blood, and worn the Night
In waking Anguiſh? Why this, on the Day
Which was deſign'd to Celebrate thy Nuptials?
But that the Beams of Light are to be ſtain'd
With reeking Gore, from Traitors on the Rack:

Where-

Wherefore I have deferr'd the Marriage-Rites,
Nor ſhall the guilty Horrors of this Day
Prophane that Jubilee.
Alm. All Days to me
Henceforth are equal; this the Day of Death,
To morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undiſtinguiſh'd roll, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe.
King. Whence is thy Grief? Give me to know the Cauſe,
And look thou anſwer me with Truth; for know,
I am not unacquainted with thy Falſhood.
Why art thou mute? baſe and degenerate Maid!
Gonſ. Dear Madam, ſpeak, or you'll incenſe the King.
Alm. What is't to ſpeak? or wherefore ſhould I ſpeak?
What mean theſe Tears, but Grief unutterable?
King. Yes, Guilt; they are the dumb Confeſſions of
Thy guilty Mind; and ſay thou wert Confed'rate
With damn'd Conſpirators to take my Life.
O impious Parricide! now canſt thou ſpeak?
Alm. O Earth, behold, I kneel upon thy Boſom,
And bend my flowing Eyes, to ſtream upon
Thy Face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy Bowels of Compaſſion, take
Into thy Womb the laſt and moſt forlorn
Of all thy Race. Hear me, thou common Parent;
——I have no Parent elſe——be thou a Mother,
And ſtep between me and the Curſe of him,
That was——that was, but is no more a Father.
But brands my Innocence with horrid Crimes,
And for the tender Names of Child and Daughter,
Now calls me Murderer and Parricide.
King. Riſe, I command thee riſe——and if thou wou'dſt
Acquit thy ſelf of thoſe deteſted Names,
Swear thou haſt never ſeen that Foreign Dog,
Now doom'd to die, that moſt accurſed *Oſmyn.*

Alm.

Alm. Never, but as with Innocence I might,
And free of all bad Purpoſes. So Heav'n's
My Witneſs.

King. Vile equivocating Wretch!
With Innocence? Death and Perdition, ſhe
Confeſſes it. By Heav'n I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangl'd, flay'd, impal'd——all Pains and Tortures
That Wit of Man and Dire Revenge can think,
Shall he accumulated under-bear.

Alm. Oh, I am loſt——there Fate begins to wound.

King. Hear me, then, if thou canſt reply, know, Traitreſs,
I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonſo* lives;
Nor am I ignorant what *Oſmyn* is.——

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both muſt die,
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou ſhalt not die.
And yet alone would I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
Repeated Deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
Yes, all my Father's wounding Wrath, tho' each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keeneſt Sword,
And cleaves my Heart; I would have born it all,
Nay, all the Pains that are prepar'd for thee:
To the remorſeleſs Rack I would have given
This weak and tender Fleſh, to have been bruis'd
And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy Being.

King. Hell, Hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
What, dar'ſt thou to my Face avow thy Guilt?
Hence, e'er I curſe——flie my juſt Rage, with ſpeed,
Leſt I forget us both, and ſpurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a Father! think I am your Child.
Turn not your Eyes away——look on me kneeling;
Now curſe me if you can, now ſpurn me off.
Did ever Father curſe his kneeling Child!
Never: For always Bleſſings crown that Poſture,
Nature inclines, and half-way meets that Duty,
Stooping to raiſe from Earth the Filial Reverence;
For bended Knees returning folding Arms,

With

With Pray'rs, and Bleſſings, and paternal Love.
O hear me then, thus crawling on the Earth———
King. Be thou adviſ'd, and let me go, while yet
The light Impreſſion thou haſt made remains.
Alm. No, never will I riſe, nor looſe this Hold,
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.
King. Ha! who may live? take heed, no more of that;
For on my Soul he dies, tho' thou, and I,
And all ſhould follow to partake his Doom.
Away, off, let me go.——Call her Attendants.

Enter Leonora *and Attendants.*

Alm. Drag me, harrow the Earth with my bare Boſom,
I'll not let go 'till you have ſpar'd my Husband.
King. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou? Husband! Husband! Damnation!
What Husband? which? who?
Alm. He, he is my Husband.
King. Poiſon and Daggers! who?
Alm. O——— [*Faints.*
Gonſ. Help, ſupport her.
Alm. Let me go, let me fall, ſink deep——I'll dig,
I'll dig a Grave, and tear up Death; I will;
I'll ſcrape 'till I collect his rotten Bones,
And cloath their Nakedneſs with my own Fleſh;
Yes, I will ſtrip of Life, and we will change:
I will be Death; then tho' you kill my Husband.
He ſhall be mine, ſtill and for ever mine.
King. What Husband? who? whom doſt thou mean?
Gonſ. Alas, ſhe raves!
Alm. O that I did. *Oſmyn,* he is my Husband.
King. Oſmyn!
Alm. Not *Oſmyn,* but *Alphonſo* is my dear
And wedded Husband——Heav'n, and Air, and Seas,
Ye Winds and Waves, I call ye all to witneſs.

King. Wilder than Winds or Waves thy ſelf doſt rave.
Should I hear more, I too ſhould catch thy Madneſs.
Yet ſomewhat ſhe muſt mean of dire Import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at Peace.
Watch her returning Senſe, and bring me Word:
And look that ſhe attempt not on her Life. [*Ex. King.*

Alm. O ſtay, yet ſtay; hear me, I am not mad.
I would to Heav'n I were——He's gone!

Gonſ. Have Comfort.

Alm. Curs'd be that Tongue, that bids me be of Comfort;
Curs'd my own Tongue, that cou'd not move his Pity;
Curs'd theſe weak Hands, that cou'd not hold him here;
For he is gone to doom *Alphonſo*'s Death.

Gonſ. Your too exceſſive Grief works on your Fancy,
And deludes your Senſe. *Alphonſo*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your Father's Power.

Alm. Hence, thou deteſted, ill-tim'd Flatterer;
Source of my Woes: Thou and thy Race be curs'd;
But doubly thou, who could'ſt alone have Policy
And Fraud, to find the fatal Secret out,
And know that *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*.

Gonſ. Ha!

Alm. Why doſt thou ſtart? What doſt thou ſee or hear?
Was it the doleful Bell, tolling for Death?
Or dying Groans from my *Alphonſo*'s Breaſt?
See, ſee, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghaſtly Head glares by, all ſmear'd with Blood,
Gaſping as it would ſpeak; and after it,
Behold a damp, dead Hand has dropp'd a Dagger:
I'll catch it——Hark! a Voice cries Murder! 'tis
My Father's Voice; hollow it ſounds, and from
The Tomb it calls——I'll follow it; for there
I ſhall again behold my dear *Alphonſo*.
[*Exit with Attendants.*

Gonſ. She's greatly griev'd; nor am I leſs ſurpriz'd.
Oſmyn Alphonſo! no; ſhe over-rates

My Policy! I ne'er ſuſpected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her Miſtake.
Her Husband too! Ha! Where is *Garcia* then?
And where the Crown that ſhould deſcend on him,
To grace the Line of my Poſterity?
Hold, let me think——if I ſhould tell the King——
Things come to this Extremity? his Daughter
Wedded already——what if he ſhould yield?
Knowing no Remedy for what is paſt;
And urg'd by Nature pleading for his Child,
With which he ſeems to be already ſhaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the Grave
Anſelmo's Race; yet if——that If concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be aſſur'd, is Folly.
But how prevent the Captive Queen, who means
To ſet him free? Ay, now 'tis plain; O well
Invented Tale! He was *Alphonſo*'s Friend.
This ſubtle Woman will amuze the King,
If I delay——'twill do——or better ſo.
One to my Wiſh. *Alonzo*, thou art welcome.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. The King expects your Lordſhip.
Gonſ. 'Tis no matter.
I'm not i'th' way at preſent, good *Alonzo*.
Alon. If't pleaſe your Lordſhip, I'll return, and ſay
I have not ſeen you.
Gonſ. Do, my beſt *Alonzo*.
Yet ſtay, I would——but go; anon will ſerve——
Yet I have that requires thy ſpeedy help.
I think thou would'ſt not ſtop to do me Service.
Alon. I am your Creature.
Gonſ. Say thou art my Friend.
I've ſeen thy Sword do Noble Execution.
Alon. All that it can your Lordſhip ſhall command.

Gonſ. Thanks; and I take thee at thy Word. Thou'ſt ſeen,
Among the Followers of the Captive Queen,
Dumb Men, that make their Meaning known by Signs.
Alon. I have, my Lord.
Gonſ. Could'ſt thou procure, with Speed
And Privacy, the wearing Garb of one
Of thoſe, tho' purchas'd by his Death, I'd give
Thee ſuch Reward, as ſhould exceed thy Wiſh.
Alon. Conclude it done. Where ſhall I wait your Lordſhip?
Gonſ. At my Appartment. Uſe thy utmoſt Diligence;
Away, I've not been ſeen——haſte, good *Alonzo.* [*Ex.* Alon.
So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonſo* ſlain,
The greateſt Obſtacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the Crown on *Garcia*'s Head.
[*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

Enter King, Perez *and* Alonzo.

King. NOT to be found? In an ill Hour he's abſent.
None, ſay you, none? what not the Fav'rite Eunuch?
Nor ſhe her ſelf, nor any of her Mutes,
Have yet requir'd Admittance?
Perez. None, my Lord.
King. Is *Oſmyn* ſo diſpos'd as I commanded?
Perez. Faſt bound in double Chains, and at full length
He lyes ſupine on Earth; as eaſily
She might remove the fix'd Foundation, as
Unlock the Rivets of his Bonds.
King. 'Tis well.
[*A Mute appears, and ſeeing the King retires.*
Ha! ſeize that Mute; *Alonzo,* follow him. [*Ex.* Alonzo.
Ent'ring he met my Eyes, and ſtarted back,
Frighted, and fumbling one Hand in his Boſom,
As to conceal th' Importance of his Errand.
[Alonzo *re-enters with a Paper.*
Alon. O bloody Proof of obſtinate Fidelity!
King. What doſt thou mean?
Alon. Soon as I ſeiz'd the Man,
He ſnatch'd from out his Boſom this——and ſtrove
With raſh and greedy haſte, at once to cram
The Morſel down his Throat. I catch'd his Arm,
And hardly wrench'd his Hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew a Ponyard from his Side,
And on the inſtant plung'd it in his Breaſt.
King. Remove the Body thence e'er *Zara* ſee it.

Alon.

Alon. I'll be ſo bold to borrow his Attire;
'Twill quit me of my Promiſe to *Gonſalez.* [*Exit.*
Perez. Whate'er it is the King's Complection turns.
King. How's this? my Mortal Foe beneath my Roof!
[*Having read the Letter.*
O, give me Patience, all ye Powers! no, rather
Give me Rage, Rage, implacable Revenge,
And trebled Fury——Ha! who's there?
Perez. My Lord.
King. Hence, Slave, how dar'ſt thou 'bide to watch and pry
Into how poor and mean a thing a King deſcends;
How like thy ſelf, when Paſſion treads him down?
Ha! ſtir not, on thy Life: For thou wert fix'd,
And planted here to ſee me gorge this Bait,
And laſh againſt the Hook——By Heav'n you're all
Rank Traitors; thou art with the reſt combin'd;
Thou knew'ſt that *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*, knew'ſt
My Daughter privately conferr'd with him,
And wert the Spy and Pander to their Meeting.
Perez. By all that's Holy, I'm amaz'd.——
King. Thou ly'ſt.
Thou art Accomplice too much with *Zara*; here
Where ſhe ſets down——*Still will I ſet thee free*—— [*Reading.*
That ſomewhere is repeated——*I have Power*
O'er them that are thy Guards——Mark that, thou Traitor.
Perez. It was your Majeſty's Command, I ſhould
Obey her Order.——
King. Reading.——*And ſtill will I ſet*
Thee free, Alphonſo——Hell! curs'd, curs'd *Alphonſo!*
Falſe, perfidious *Zara!* Strumpet Daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble Boy, fond Love,
All Nature, Softneſs, Pity and Compaſſion,
This Hour I throw thee off, and entertain
Fell Hate, within my Breaſt, Revenge and Gall.
By Heav'n I'll meet, and counterwork this Treachery.
Hark thee, Villain, Traitor——anſwer me, Slave.
Perez. My Service has not merited thoſe Titles.

King.

King. Dar'ſt thou reply? Take that——thy Service? thine?
[*Strikes him.*
What's thy whole Life, thy Soul, thy All, to my
One Moment's Eaſe? Hear my Command; and look
That thou obey, or Horror on thy Head.
Drench me thy Dagger in *Alphonſo*'s Heart.
Why doſt thou ſtart? Reſolve to do't, or elſe——
Perez. My Lord, I will.
King. 'Tis well——that when ſhe comes to ſet him free,
His Teeth may grin, and mock at her Remorſe.
[Perez *going.*
——Stay thee——I've farther thought——I'll add to this,
And give her Eyes yet greater Diſappointment.
When thou haſt ended him, bring me his Robe;
And let the Cell where ſhe'll expect to ſee him
Be darken'd, ſo as to amuſe the Sight.
I'll be conducted thither——
But ſee ſhe comes; I'll ſhun th' Encounter; do
Thou follow, and give heed to my Direction. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Zara *and* Selim.

Zara. The Mute not yet return'd! 'tis ſtrange. Ha! 'twas
The King that parted hence; frowning he went;
His Eyes like Meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry Beams; as if his Sight
Would, like the raging Dog-ſtar, ſcorch the Earth,
And kindle Ruin in its Courſe. Think'ſt thou
He ſaw me not?
Selim. He did: But then as if
His Eyes had err'd, he haſtily recall'd
Th' imperfect Look, and ſternly turn'd away.
Zara. Shun me when ſeen! I fear thou haſt undone me.
Thy ſhallow Artifice begets Suſpicion,
And, like a Cobweb-Veil, but thinly ſhades
The Face of thy Deſign; alone diſguiſing

What

What ſhould have ne'er been ſeen; imperfect Miſchief!
Thou like the Adder, venomous and deaf,
Haſt ſtung the Traveller; and, after, hear'ſt
Not his purſuing Voice; ev'n where thou think'ſt
To hide, the ruſtling Leaves and bended Graſs
Confeſs, and point the Path which thou haſt crept.
O Fate of Fools! officious in Contriving;
In Executing puzzled, lame and loſt.

Selim. Avert it, Heav'n, that thou ſhould ever ſuffer
For my Defect; or that the Means which I
Devis'd to ſerve ſhould ruin your Deſign!
Preſcience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to Man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being a Man,
I needs muſt fail; impute not as a Crime
My Nature's want, but puniſh Nature in me:
I plead not for a Pardon and to live,
But to be puniſh'd and forgiven. Here, ſtrike;
I bare my Breaſt to meet your juſt Revenge.

Zara. I have not leiſure now to take ſo poor
A Forfeit as thy Life: Somewhat of high
And more important Fate requires my Thought.
When I've concluded on my ſelf, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my Command to die.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in Charge; for I'm reſolv'd.
Inſtruct the two remaining Mutes, that they
Attend me inſtantly, with each a Bowl
Of thoſe Ingredients mix'd, as will with ſpeed
Benumn the living Faculties, and give
Moſt eaſie and inevitable Death.
Yes, *Oſmyn*, yes; be *Oſmyn* or *Alphonſo*,
I'll give thee Freedom, if thou dar'ſt be free:
Such Liberty as I embrace my ſelf,
Thou ſhalt partake. Since Fates no more afford;
I can but die with thee to keep my Word. [*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene changes to the Priſon.

Enter Gonſalez, *diſguis'd like a Mute, with a Dagger.*

Gonſ. Nor Centinel, nor Guard! the Doors unbarr'd!
And all as ſtill, as at the Noon of Night!
Sure Death already has been buſie here.
There lies my Way, that Door is too unlock'd.
[*Looks in.*
Ha! ſure he ſleeps——all's dark within, ſave what
A Lamp, that feebly lifts a ſickly Flame,
By fits reveals——his Face ſeems turn'd to favour
Th' Attempt: I'll ſteal, and do it unperceiv'd.
What Noiſe! ſome body coming? 'ſt, *Alonzo?*
No body? Sure he'll wait without——I would
'Twere done——I'll crawl, and ſting him to the Heart,
Then caſt my Skin, and leave it there to anſwer it.
[*Goes in.*

Enter Garcia *and* Alonzo.

Gar. Where? where, *Alonzo?* where's my Father? where
The King? Confuſion! all is on the Rout!
All's loſt, all ruin'd by Surprize and Treachery.
Where, where is he? Why doſt thou thus miſs-lead me?
Alon. My Lord, he enter'd but a moment ſince,
And could not paſs me unperceiv'd——What hoa!
My Lord, my Lord, what, hoa! My Lord *Gonſalez!*

Enter Gonſalez *bloody.*

Gonſ. Perdition choak your Clamours——whence this Rudeneſs? *Garcia!*

Gar. Perdition, Slavery, and Death,
Are entring now our Doors. Where is the King?
What means this Blood? and why this Face of Horror?

Gonſ. No matter——give me firſt to know the Cauſe
Of theſe your raſh and ill-tim'd Exclamations.

Gar. The Eaſtern Gate is to the Foe betray'd,
Who but for Heaps of Slain, that choak the Paſſage,
Had enter'd long e'er now, and born down all
Before 'em, to the Palace Walls. Unleſs
The King in Perſon animate our Men
Granada's loſt; and to confirm this Fear,
The Traitor *Perez*, and the Captive *Moor*,
Are through a Poſtern fled, and join the Foe.

Gonſ. Would all were falſe as that; for whom you call
The *Moor* is dead. That *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*;
In whoſe Heart's Blood this Ponyard yet is warm.

Gar. Impoſſible; for *Oſmyn* flying, was
Pronounc'd aloud by *Perez* for *Alphonſo*.

Gonſ. Enter that Chamber, and convince your Eyes,
How much Report has wrong'd your eaſie Faith.

[Garcia *goes in.*

Alon. My Lord, for certain Truth *Perez* is fled;
And has declar'd the Cauſe of his Revolt,
Was to revenge a Blow the King had giv'n him.

Gar. returning. Ruin and Horror! O heart-wounding Sight!

Gonſ. What ſays my Son? what Ruin? ha? what Horror?

Gar. Blaſted my Eyes, and ſpeechleſs be my Tongue,
Rather than or to ſee, or to relate
This Deed——O dire Miſtake! O fatal Blow!
The King——

Gonſ. } The King!
Alon. }

Gar.

Gar. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in Blood.
See, ſee, attir'd like *Oſmyn*, where he lies.
[*They go in.*
O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the Manner, or the Cauſe?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all ſhould turn our Swords againſt
Our ſelves, and expiate with our own his Blood.
Gonſ. O Wretch! O curs'd, and raſh, deluded Fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging Sword.
I, who have ſpilt my Royal Maſter's Blood,
Should make Atonement by a Death as horrid;
And fall beneath the Hand of my own Son.
Gar. Ha! what? atone this Murder with a greater!
The Horror of that Thought has damp'd my Rage.
The Earth already groans to bear this Deed;
Oppreſs her not, nor think to ſtain her Face
With more unnatural Blood. Murder my Father!
Better with this to rip up my own Bowels,
And bathe it to the Hilt, in far leſs damnable
Self-Murder.
Gonſ. O my Son, from the blind Dotage
Of a Father's Fondneſs theſe Ills aroſe;
For thee I've been ambitious, baſe, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this Sea of Sin;
Stemming the Tide with one weak Hand, and bearing
With the other the Crown, to wreath thy Brow,
Whoſe Weight has ſunk me e'er I reach'd the Shoar.
Gar. Fatal Ambition! Hark! the Foe is enter'd:
[*Shout.*
The Shrilneſs of that Shout ſpeaks 'em at hand.
We have no time to ſearch into the Cauſe
Of this ſurprizing and moſt fatal Error.
What's to be done? The King's Death known, will ſtrike
The few remaining Soldiers with Deſpair,
And make 'em yield to Mercy of the Conqueror.

Alon. My Lord, I've thought how to conceal the Body;
Require me not to tell the Means, 'till done,
Leſt you forbid what then you may approve. [*Goes in.*

[*Shout.*

Gonſ. They ſhout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the Soldiers were amus'd mean time
With Hopes, and fed with Expectation of
The King's immediate Preſence at their Head.
Gar. Were it a Truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no Care, nor Haſte; and try
Or to repel their Force, or bravely die.

[*Exit.*

Gonſ. What haſt thou done, *Alonzo?*
Alon. Such a Deed
As but an Hour ago I'd not have done,
Tho' for the Crown of Univerſal Empire.
But what are Kings reduc'd to common Clay?
Or who can wound the Dead?——I've from the Body
Sever'd the Head, and in a Corner of
The Room diſpos'd it, muffled in the Mute's
Attire; leaving alone to View, the bloody
And undiſtinguiſhable Trunk:
Which may be ſtill miſtaken by the Guards
For *Oſmyn*, if in ſeeking for the King
They chance to find it.
Gonſ. 'Twas an Act of Horror;
And of a piece with this Day's dire Miſdeeds.
But 'tis not yet the time to ponder, or
Repent. Haſte thee, *Alonzo*, hence, with ſpeed,
To aid my Son. I'll follow with the laſt
Reſerve, to re-inforce his Arms: At leaſt,
I ſhall make good, and ſhelter his Retreat.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Zara, *follow'd by* Selim, *and two Mutes bearing the Bowls.*

Zara. Silence and Solitude are ev'ry where!
Thro' all the Gloomy Ways and Iron Doors
That hither lead, nor Human Face nor Voice
Is ſeen or heard. A dreadful Din was wont
To grate the Senſe, when enter'd here; from Groans
And Howls of Slaves condemn'd, from Clink of Chains,
And Craſh of ruſty Bars and creeking Hinges:
And ever and anon the Sight was daſh'd
With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks
Of grim and gaſtly Executioners.
Yet more this Stilneſs terrifies my Soul,
Than did that Scene of complicated Horrors.
It may be, that the Cauſe and Purpoſe of
My Errand, being chang'd from Life to Death,
Has alſo wrought this chilling Change of Temper.
Or does my Heart bode more? what can it more
Than Death? ———
Let 'em ſet down the Bowls, and warn *Alphonſo*
That I am here——ſo. You return and find
[*Mutes going in.*
The King; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the Deed. [*Exit* Selim.
What have you ſeen? Ha! wherefore ſtare you thus,
[*The Mutes return, and look affrighted.*
With haggar'd Eyes? why are your Arms a-croſs?
Your heavy and deſponding Heads hung down?
Why is't you more than ſpeak in theſe ſad Signs?
Give me more ample Knowledge of this Mourning.

They go to the Scene, which opens and shews the Body.

Ha! proſtrate! bloody! headleſs! O——ſtart Eyes,
Split Heart, burſt ev'ry Vein, at this dire Object:
At once diſſolve and flow; meet Blood with Blood;
Daſh your encount'ring Streams with mutual Violence,
'Till Surges roll and foaming Billows riſe,
And curl their Crimſon Heads to kiſs the Clouds!
——Rain, rain ye Stars, ſpout from your burning Orbs
Precipitated Fires, and pour in Sheets
The blazing Torrent on the Tyrant's Head;
Scorch and conſume the curs'd perfidious King.

Enter Selim.

Selim. I've ſought in vain, the King is no where to
Be found.——
Zara. Get thee to Hell, and ſeek him there. [*Stabs him.*
His Helliſh Rage had wanted Means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious Counſel.
Selim. You thought it better then——but I'm rewarded.
The Mute you ſent, by ſome Miſchance was ſeen,
And forc'd to yield your Letter with his Life:
I found the dead and bloody Body ſtripp'd——
My Tongue faulters, and my Voice fails——
Drink not the Poiſon——for *Alphonſo* is—— [*Dies.*
Zara. As thou art now——And I ſhall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
We both ſhould die. Nor is't that I ſurvive;
I have a Remedy for that. But Oh,
He dy'd unknowing in my Heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height:
Nor that I meant to fall before his Eyes,

A Martyr and a Victim to my Vows:
Inſenſible of this laſt Proof he's gone.
Yet Fate alone can rob his Mortal Part
Of Senſe: His Soul ſtill ſees, and knows each Purpoſe,
And fix'd Event of my perſiſting Faith.
Then, wherefore do I pauſe?———give me the Bowl.
[*A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.*
Hover a Moment, yet, thou gentle Spirit,
Soul of my Love, and I will wait thy Flight.
This to our mutual Bliſs when join'd above. [*Drinks.*
O friendly Draught, already in my Heart!
Cold, cold; my Veins are Icicles and Froſt.
I'll creep into his Boſom, lay me there;
Cover us cloſe——or I ſhall chill his Breaſt,
And fright him from my Arms———See, ſee, he ſlides
Still further from me; look, he hides his Face,
I cannot feel it——quite beyond my reach.
O now he's gone, and all is dark——— [*Dies.*
[*The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.*

Enter Almeria *and* Leonora.

Alm. O let me ſeek him in this horrid Cell;
For in the Tomb or Priſon, I alone
Muſt hope to find him.
Leo. Heav'ns! what diſmal Scene
Of Death is this? The Eunuch *Selim* ſlain!
Alm. Shew me, for I am come in ſearch of Death;
But want a Guide; for Tears have dimn'd my Sight.
Leo. Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful Men,
Who ſeem the Murderers, kneel weeping by:
Feeling Remorſe too late for what they've done.
But O forbear———lift up your Eyes no more;
But haſte away, fly from this Fatal Place,
Where Miſeries are multiply'd; return

And look not on; for there's a Dagger that
Will ſtab the Sight, and make your Eyes rain Blood.
Alm. O I foreſee that Object in my Mind.
Is it at laſt then ſo? is he then dead?
What dead at laſt, quite, quite, for ever dead?
There, there I ſee him; there he lies, the Blood
Yet bubbling from his Wounds——O more than Savage!
Had they, or Hearts, or Eyes, that did this Deed?
Could Eyes endure to guide ſuch cruel Hands?
Are not my Eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to Stone?
——I do not weep! The Springs of Tears are dry'd;
And of a ſudden I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my Husband's murder'd!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn; I'll Sluce this Heart,
The Source of Woe, and let the Torrent looſe.
——Thoſe Men have left to weep, and look on me;
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody Hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have put to Death thoſe Innocents:
I am the Sacrifice deſign'd to bleed;
And come prepar'd to yield my Throat——they ſhake
Their Heads in ſign of Grief and Innocence!
[*They point at the Bowl on the Ground.*
And point! what mean they? Ha! a Cup. O well
I underſtand what Medicine has been here.
O noble Thirſt! and yet too greedy to
Drink all——O for another Draught of Death.
[*They point at the other Cup.*
Ha! point again? 'tis there, and full, I hope.
O thanks the liberal Hand that fill'd thee thus;
I'll drink my glad Acknowledgment——
Leo. O hold
For Mercy's ſake; upon my Knees——forbear.——
Alm. With Thee the kneeling World ſhould beg in vain,
Seeſt thou not there who proſtrate lyes,

And

And pleads againſt thee? who ſhall then prevail?
Yet I will take a cold and parting Leave,
From his pale Lips; I'll kiſs him e'er I drink,
Leſt the rank Juice ſhould bliſter on my Mouth,
And ſtain the Colour of my laſt Adieu.
Horror! a headleſs Trunk! nor Lips nor Face,
[*Coming nearer the Body, ſtarts and lets fall the Cup.*
But ſpouting Veins, and mangled Fleſh! O, O.

Enter Alphonſo, Heli, Perez, *with* Garcia *Priſoner, Guards and Attendants.*

Alph. Away, ſtand off, where is ſhe? let me fly,
Save her from Death; and ſnatch her to my Heart.
Alm. Oh———
Alph. Forbear; my Arms alone ſhall hold her up:
Warm her to Life, and wake her into Gladneſs.
O let me talk to thy reviving Senſe,
The Words of Joy and Peace; warm thy cold Beauties,
With the new-flushing Ardour of my Cheek;
Into thy Lips, pour the ſoft trickling Balm
Of Cordial Sighs; and reinſpire thy Boſom
With the Breath of Love. Shine, awake, *Almeria*,
Give a new Birth to thy long-ſhaded Eyes,
Then double on the Day reflected Light.
Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this Dream intend?
Alph. O may'ſt thou never dream of leſs Delight,
Nor ever wake to leſs ſubſtantial Joys.
Alm. Giv'n me again from Death! O all ye Pow'rs
Confirm this Miracle! can I believe
My Sight, againſt my Sight? and ſhall I truſt
That Senſe, which in one Inſtant ſhews him dead
And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With Apparitions and affrighting Fantoms:
This is my Lord, my Life, my only Husband,
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My Father too ſhall have Compaſſion———

Alph. O my Heart's Comfort; 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail Life, to be entirely bleſs'd. Even now,
In this extreameſt Joy my Soul can taſte,
Yet am I daſh'd to think that thou muſt weep;
Thy Father fell, where he deſign'd my Death.
Gonſalez and *Alonzo*, both of Wounds
Expiring, have with their laſt Breath confeſs'd
The juſt Decrees of Heav'n, in turning on
Themſelves their own moſt bloody Purpoſes.
Nay, I muſt grant, 'tis fit you ſhou'd be thus—— [*She weeps.*
Let 'em remove the Body from her Sight.
Ill-fated *Zara!* Ha! a Cup? alas!
Thy Error then is plain; but I were Flint
Not to o'er-flow in Tribute to thy Memory.
She ſhall be Royally Interr'd. O *Garcia*,
Whoſe Virtue has renounc'd thy Father's Crimes,
Seeſt thou, how juſt the Hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us that thro' our Innocence ſurvive,
Still in the Paths of Honour perſevere,
And not from paſt or preſent Ills deſpair:
For Bleſſings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
And tho' a late, a ſure Reward ſucceeds.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princeſs, but in ſtatu quo:
And now as unconcern'd this Mourning wear,
As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
I've leiſure, now, to mark your ſev'ral Faces,
And know each Critick by his ſour Grimaces.
To poiſon Plays, I ſee ſome where they ſit,
Scatter'd, like Rats-bane, up and down the Pit;
While others watch like Pariſh-Searchers, hir'd
To tell of what Diſeaſe the Play expir'd.
O with what Joy they run, to ſpread the News
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muſe!
But if he 'ſcape, with what Regret they're ſeiz'd!
And how they're diſappointed if they're pleas'd!
Criticks to Plays for the ſame end reſort,
That Surgeons wait on Trials in a Court;
For Innocence condemn'd they've no Reſpect,
Provided they've a Body to diſſect.
As Suſſex *Men, that dwell upon the Shoar,*
Look out when Storms ariſe, and Billows roar,

Devoutly

EPILOGUE.

Devoutly praying, with uplifted Hands,
That some well-laden Ship may strike the Sands;
To whose Rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
So Criticks throng to see a New Play split,
And thrive and prosper on the Wrecks of Wit.
Small Hope our Poet from these Prospects draws;
And therefore to the Fair commends his Cause.
Your tender Hearts to Mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this Play will Favour find,
Which was an Off'ring to the Sex design'd.

FINIS.

1607/3614.